



# TOUR ON THE CONTINENT,

BY RAIL AND ROAD,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1852,

THROUGH

NORTHERN GERMANY, AUSTRIA, TYROL, AUSTRIAN

LOMBARDY, &c.

BY JOHN BARROW, ESQ.

"CELER EUNDO."

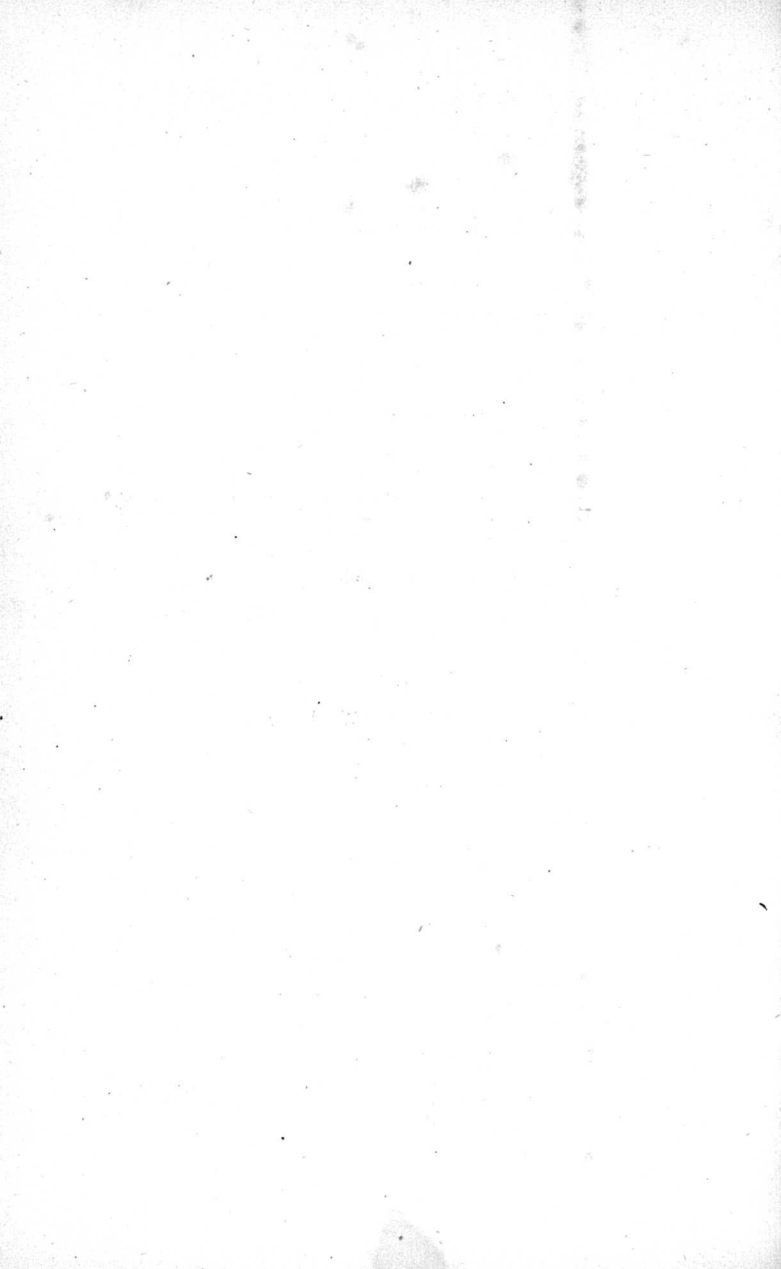
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LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

1862.

CR III, b



TO THE MEMORY OF

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRY SAMUEL DAVIS,

WHO DIED, IN COMMAND OF THE 52<sup>ND</sup> LIGHT INFANTRY,

ON THE 23<sup>RD</sup> SEPTEMBER, 1851, IN THE PRIME OF LIFE,

THESE PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND,

JOHN BARROW.





## PREFACE.

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IN submitting to the readers of the "Travellers' Library" the following brief Notes, taken during a Summer's Tour on the Continent in 1852, I indulge the hope that they may, perhaps, prove useful to future travellers; and possibly be the means of inducing some to go abroad for amusement, for relaxation from business, or for the benefit of their health, who might otherwise have remained at home. If any should be tempted to do so upon this recommendation, and return benefited either in body or mind, it will afford me as much pleasure (should it chance to reach my ears) as I remember deriving, some years ago, on reading the following passage in the preface of a prettily written book, entitled, "Journal of a Tour to Moscow, in the Summer of 1846, by the Rev. R. B. Paul, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter Coll. Oxford, author of Grecian Antiquities," &c.—a gentleman with whom I was wholly unacquainted, and have never since had the pleasure of meeting with him, or of even exchanging communication: "Why I have troubled the public with a Journal of my

Tour to Moscow," Mr. Paul says, "is a question which I find no small difficulty in answering. I believe it was the perusal of Mr. Barrow's little book that first inspired me with a taste for travelling in the north of Europe; and the recollection of the pleasure which that book afforded me, has made me hope that my own personal narrative will not be entirely without interest to the public." Mr. Paul then proceeds to say, that his health had been a good deal shaken by different causes, and that he was glad to embrace an opportunity of recruiting his strength by an excursion, which promised so much of interest and excitement. "How completely the proposed object was attained, I acknowledge," he says, "with feelings of the deepest gratitude to Him, in whose hands are the issues of life and death."

I have thought it best to give my notes very nearly as they were written off at the time, retaining the dates, and even the hours of arrival and departure, which may prove useful to others on their journey. In fact, this little volume is only meant to be a pocket-companion, a *Vade Mecum*, touching very slightly at the several spots visited; it pretends to nothing more.

The Hand-Books of my excellent friend, Mr. Murray, are indispensable. No traveller should be without them, and all travellers know and appreciate them; but two or three of his octavo volumes are necessarily re-

quired, to embrace the countries travelled through in this Tour.

These pages, then, can claim no other title than to be considered as a brief Itinerary, chiefly of dates and distances—a species of *avant courier*, to Murray—with a few observations made on the rail and road, *en passant*.

I recommend every one to obtain a passport from the Foreign Office (the regulations for which I annex), and to get it *viséd* in London by the foreign ambassadors of those countries through which they may contemplate passing.

To all families travelling abroad (not intending to reside), I strongly recommend the employment of a courier, and particularly so if they are limited in their time, as we were. His services are almost indispensable on an extended tour; but I would also recommend them to keep a sharp eye upon his accounts. Some of them, no doubt, are thoroughly honest; but many of them are not altogether to be trusted. In either case, one cannot err by being upon his guard, which is due both to the courier and to the employer. Gentlemen travelling by themselves scarcely require a courier.

The several hotels at which we rested are mentioned. They were generally considered the best; and, with

one or two exceptions, we found them all that could be desired.

I have now only to remark, that this somewhat extensive tour occupied about two months, the time to which my duties limited me, and that our sole object was to vary the scene as much as possible, and not to dwell long (however much we might have wished to have done so) at any one spot.

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## REGULATIONS RESPECTING PASSPORTS.

1. Applications for Foreign Office Passports must be made in writing; and addressed to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with the word "Passport" written upon the cover.

2. The fee on the issue of a Passport is 7s. 6d.

3. Foreign Office Passports are granted only to British subjects, including in that description foreigners who have been naturalized by Act of Parliament, or by Certificates of Naturalization granted before the 24th day of August, 1850: in this latter case, the party is described in the Passport as a "Naturalized British subject."

4. Passports are granted between the hours of twelve and four, on the day following that on which the application for the Passport has been received at the Foreign Office.

5. Passports are granted to persons who are either known to the Secretary of State, or recommended to him by some person who is known to him ; or upon the written application of any BANKING FIRM established in London, or in any other part of the United Kingdom.

6. Passports cannot be sent by the Foreign Office to persons already abroad. Such persons should apply to the nearest British Mission or Consulate.

7. Foreign Office Passports must be countersigned at the Mission, or at some Consulate in England, of the Government of the country which the bearer of the Passport intends to visit.

8. A Foreign Office Passport granted for one journey may be used for any subsequent journey, IF COUNTERSIGNED AFRESH by the Ministers or Consuls of the countries which the bearer intends to visit.

FOREIGN OFFICE, 1853.

\* \* \* The Countersignature or *visa* of the Bavarian, Prussian, or Sardinian authorities in London, is not required.



# TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

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## LONDON TO OSTEND.

*Monday, July 12, 1852.*—Left London, with my mother and sister, by the 4.30 p.m. Express, for Dover.

Embarked at 7.30 in H. M. steam-vessel Vivid, for Ostend. The Vivid being ordered on some special service, we had the vessel almost to ourselves, and received much attention and kindness, as every one does, from Captain Smithett, who commands her. Sir John Hamilton (Captain Smithett's father-in-law), who is now eighty-eight years of age, and who commanded the "Active" cutter at Camperdown, went across with us. This noble specimen of a British seaman commanded one of the Harwich packets during the whole of the last war, and was for many years afterwards on the Dover station. Sir John Hamilton, I presume, is as well known to every one, who has been in the habit of crossing over to the Continent, as he is to myself. He is an old acquaintance of mine, and the last time I had the pleasure of seeing him was in command of his own vessel, the Widgeon, in 1840, when I was at Ostend, waiting for a gale of wind to moderate, to enable the packets to put to sea. He was at that time verging



on fourscore—his age “frosty but kindly.” I thought him then one of the most extraordinary men I had ever met with, and of course think him more so now. His memory is wonderful. We had a long chat together, and one to me of deep interest. He knew each of our great naval heroes of the last war,—Nelson, Collingwood, St. Vincent, Howe, Duncan, Keith, Duckworth, Sir Sidney Smith, &c.,—all were familiar to him, and he was full of anecdotes respecting them.

In allusion to so distinguished a man, I am sure my readers will peruse, with pleasure, a brief history of his public career, which I have obtained from him for the express purpose of placing it on record, to be read on the Rail, and with his own permission to do so. It will be found in the Appendix.

Eagerly listening to an unusual and agreeable conversation with so remarkable a public character as Sir John Hamilton, time, as may be supposed, soon passed away on board the Vivid, and the end of our voyage was at hand. We reached Ostend at 12 p.m.—exactly four hours and a half, the distance being sixty-two miles. The shortest passages to the Continent are from Dover to Calais, which is only twenty-two miles and a half, and from Folkestone to Boulogne, which is twenty-six. Ours, to Ostend, was a tolerably quick passage, being at the rate of about fourteen miles an hour. The shortest passage the Vivid ever made to Ostend was, I believe, three hours fifty-one minutes. She is certainly a fast boat, and of a beautiful mould: like all other fast boats, however, necessarily wet, at least we found her so, with

a fresh breeze and a little sea up. The Vivid is a paddle-wheel boat, built by Oliver Lang,\* assistant-master shipwright of Chatham-yard, the builder of the "Nankin"—to my mind one of the finest frigates that was ever laid upon the stocks. The length of the Vivid is 150 feet, breadth 22 feet, depth of hold 11 feet 4 inches; with engines of 160 horse power. Her speed, after several trials at the measured knot, in Long Reach (light draught), was ascertained to be above seventeen statute miles per hour. The average speed of the Vivid in service, at the load-line, may be stated at about sixteen miles an hour.

The night we crossed to Ostend was beautiful, the stars shining bright over head. At a considerable distance we saw the Revolving Light at Dunkerque, which shows like a meteor every minute, and, being 194 feet high, may be seen from a still further distance than that from which we had seen it.

There was luckily just water enough to enable us to enter the harbour at Ostend, which Captain Smithett skilfully contrived to do, notwithstanding the light-keepers had omitted to show the usual light at the pier-head. At dead low-water there is only a foot or two over the bar. Sir John Hamilton was quite on the *qui vive* on entering the harbour. I watched him standing on a bench near the paddle-box, looking over the side of the vessel, and to the man at the wheel, with a sharp experienced eye, which, I warrant, would have

\* This talented officer, on the death of his distinguished father, has just been promoted to the rank of Master-Shipwright of Pembroke Dockyard.

carried us in safety into the harbour, if it had depended upon him. Farewell, thou good and brave old man!

Ostend is strongly fortified, and the works upon which they were so busy when I was last there, are now completed. Independent of the fortifications which surround the town, there is on either side a fort, and there are separate batteries facing the sea. I did not, however, observe many soldiers at Ostend. The *present* Peace Establishment of the Belgian army is, I learn, only 60,000 men of all classes, now under arms; but this number could be readily augmented in case of war, from 110,000 to 120,000, and it would require only a few days to raise it from its present number, of 60,000 to 80,000, by calling out the reserved battalion of each regiment.

The army is at present composed as follows, viz.—

		Battalions.	Men.
12	Regiments of Infantry.....	3.....	36,000
3	Do. Chasseurs .....	3.....	9,000
1	Do. Grenadiers .....	3.....	3,600
1	Do. Engineers..... (Genie) .....		1,200
7	Do. Cavalry.....(800 each) .....		5,600
4	Do. Artillery .....	about	3,400
	Gendarmerie .....		1,200

Landed, and proceeded to the *Hotel des Bains*, where we had to knock up the inmates, who had all retired to rest, not expecting any one at that time of night, the several Packets having arrived at their usual hours. Nothing, however, could be more good-humoured than the people, although disturbed in their sleep at so unseasonable an hour. The waiter told us that he thought the house was on fire.

There is not much to attract attention at Ostend, and

few, I imagine, who have been there before, would wish to remain any length of time.

In 1840, I was detained at Ostend three days by a gale of wind, when none of the Packets could venture to put to sea, and I found it dull enough; but fortunately was able to pass some hours very pleasantly in Sir John Hamilton's society on board the *Widgeon*, the vessel of which he was then in command, and which was also detained in the harbour. Ostend is, however, the resort of many visitors, as a watering-place, during the summer months, and the bathing is considered good. They come from all parts of Belgium, Germany, and the North of France, and many Russians also frequent it. Several reigning dukes and persons of distinction, likewise pass two or three months of the season at Ostend. Almost every house lets out apartments, and the visitors generally are, I believe, of the most respectable class of society, lodgings being high for that period.

There are considerably more than a hundred bathing carriages every morning busily employed, and the stone "*Digue de Mer*"—a noble esplanade of great length fronting the sea—may be seen at certain hours filled with well-dressed ladies.

I am told that there are several good English families resident at Ostend, and that provisions are moderate.

It has also a Protestant Church, well conducted; which may help to recommend it as a place of residence.

I must not omit to mention, that King Leopold has a house at Ostend, which is called the Palace, and that his

majesty was in the habit for several years of resorting thither in the summer months, with the royal family, for the sea-bathing, until the death of the queen, which sad event took place at Ostend, in October, 1850.

The Palace is still kept ready for any of the royal family passing to or from England, and even so recently as last year was occupied by the king, on the occasion of his visiting our own sovereign during the Great Exhibition.

### ANTWERP.

*Tuesday, July 13.*—Took our departure from Ostend by train, at 12 a.m., and arrived at *Antwerp* at 5½ p.m. Having myself more than once gone through this level line of country, I felt but little interest in it. It was intensely hot too all day—a broiling sun, and a dry easterly wind, a sort of *Sirocco*. The crops were every where remarkably fine, and the people already gathering in the harvest.

We went to the *Hotel St. Antoine*, and arrived there just in time for the Table d'Hôte, at which, as might be expected, were more English than foreigners.

*Wednesday, July 14.*—Remained at Antwerp. Visited the several churches and the cathedral, where I again saw the magnificent painting of the Descent from the Cross, by Rubens. The carvings in all the churches still struck me as most beautiful, and not any where to be surpassed. The heat was very great. I took a boat to the opposite side to look at Antwerp once more from the river; I wished also to make a sketch, and to compare

the view in my mind's eye, with a beautiful painting by my beloved brother-in-law, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Batty, whose memory I shall ever hold dear, for his amiable qualities and high accomplishments. His painting of Antwerp is now in my possession, together with many others which I have met with, and have purchased from time to time, being the originals from which the engravings were published, in his well-known work of "The Principal Cities of Europe."

Antwerp still, as regards its shipping, seems to be dull, and neglected as ever. It was in former days a great commercial city, one of the chief, in fact, of the north of Europe, and much still remains in its fine old buildings which bespeaks the opulence of its merchants in bygone times. The fatal blow, however, that Antwerp received to its commerce, was unquestionably in the last revolution.

There was something mournful to me in viewing the Scheldt denuded of shipping: nothing, indeed, but a few barges were passing up and down this noble river, and one solitary steamer was lying alongside the quay. The aspect was the same when I was last here; every thing wearing the same marks of desertion. No one who has entered Antwerp by the rail, should omit to take a boat to look at the city from the river.

The lofty spire of the cathedral is here seen to great advantage, pointing to the skies in all its beauty and elegance. From no other spot can a better view be obtained of its general character.

Of the many spires I have seen, there is none, I think,

not even that of Strasburg, which equals in the exquisite symmetry and lightness of its architecture, that of the cathedral of Antwerp. I would advise all young people to ascend the spire of this cathedral. I confess, I did not this time, being less ambitious now of attaining giddy heights; but it has heretofore been a rule with me, to go up to the *highest* point of view in all large towns, to ascertain their position, and many a beautiful panorama have I enjoyed by so doing.

At Antwerp, the view on a clear day would be extensive, over a flat country; and if it should happen to be somewhat obscure, a passing visiter might possibly be gratified with a sight similar to that described from the tower of the cathedral, by Evelyn in his *Memoirs*. "The sun," he says, "shone exceeding hot, and darted its rays without any intermission, affording so bright a reflection to us who were above, and had a full prospect of both land and water about it, that I was entirely confirmed in my opinion of the moon being of some such substance as the earthly globe consists of; perceiving all the adjacent country at so small a horizontal distance, to represent such a light as I could hardly look against, save when the river and other large waters within our vision appeared of a more dark and uniform colour, resembling those spots in the moon, supposed to be seas there, according to our new philosophy, and viewed by optical glasses."

We dined again at the Table d'Hôte, and went to the Zoological Gardens (which are prettily laid out), and to some other gardens in the neighbourhood, belong-

ing to the Harmonic Society, where a splendid band played some beautiful pieces of music during the evening.

## LIEGE.

*Thursday, July 15.*—Heat very great.

Off by rail to Liège, where we arrived at 1½ p.m., having left Antwerp about 9½ a.m. The descent into Liège, which is situated in a deep valley, is accomplished by an inclined plane, down which the train passes, checked by ropes.

To the *Hotel d'Angleterre*. Took a delightful drive in the evening to some gardens known as the Casino, from which there is a charming panorama of the surrounding heights, Liège being beautifully situated among the hills, at the junction of two rivers, the Meuse and Ourthe. It is a busy manufacturing town; every one well employed. They are a very early people at Liège; and at six a.m. I found the shops open (as I noticed when last here), and made a purchase at that early hour of a clever bronze figure of a Capuchin friar, with a book and torch in his hands—a lucifer-match holder—to which I had taken a fancy. Liège is famous for its manufactures, which are carried out on an extensive scale; and there are large founderies, in which heavy cannon are cast. The great Lion, on the mound at Waterloo, was cast here. The surrounding hills abound in metal, as well as in coal, so that every thing is close at hand; and Mr. Cockerell, the English engineer, has taken advantage of these products, and turned them to good account.



## COLOGNE.

*Friday, July 16.*—Intensely hot. By rail at 7 a.m. to Cologne, where we arrived at 12½ p.m., and remained at the opposite side of the river, at the *Belle Vue Hotel*, till four in the afternoon. Thermometer 84 in the shade at three p.m. The king was dining at the Belle Vue. Though we did not see his majesty, we got a glimpse of some of his generals, decorated with orders.

In passing through Cologne we remarked the great progress which had been made, since last year, in the building of the cathedral; when finished, it bids fair to be one of the grandest and most imposing pieces of architecture in the world. I have often been at Cologne; but, besides the cathedral, the bridge of boats across the Rhine, and the view of the town from the river, I never discovered any thing very attractive. The portion of the town on the river is, perhaps, the next best sight.

Cologne is strongly fortified, and could not, I think, be taken without some difficulty. It is strange, that a place so famed for its delicious perfume, which finds its way to all parts of the globe, should be so abominably ill-savoured in itself. There are not many places abroad more filthy; and it is totally inexcusable, with a rapid river rushing through, which would carry off all the offensive matter and vile odours of Cologne, with very little trouble, and at a trifling expense.

## DUSSELDORF.

Continued our journey to Dusseldorf, which we reached at 5½ p.m., a fatiguing day's work owing to the intense heat; but we took a pleasant drive in the cool of the evening.

Dusseldorf is an agreeable town on the banks of the Rhine, with a beautiful park close adjoining, with many pleasant and shady walks. It is also a garrison-town.

We put up at the *Breidenbacher-hof*, an excellent house. Music and the Fine Arts are much cultivated here. Early in the morning I heard some beautiful church music, which some youths were practising in an adjoining institution.

## HANOVER.

*Saturday, July 17.*—Weather still sultry in the extreme.

———“Distressful nature pants :

The very streams look languid from afar.”

A long journey by rail, first to Minden, situated on the Weser. At Minden we were received at the station with fixed bayonets, which seemed strange to peaceably disposed persons like ourselves. For my own part I should shudder to see, at the Great Western terminus, a row of police with their truncheons displayed. The fixed bayonets were more formidable. Stopped half an hour, and got a hurried dinner at the station.

We arrived at Hanover at 8 p.m., having left Dusseldorf at 9 a.m. It continued intensely hot all day. Went to the *Hotel Royal*.

*Sunday, July 18.*—To church in the morning. In the afternoon we drove about to the gardens and to the park, which is prettily laid out, and where the fountains were playing very pleasantly; one of them throwing up a fine volume of water to a height of some fifty or sixty feet, which looked somewhat imposing, and reminded me, “*parvis componere magna*,” of the Geysers, those magnificent hot springs in Iceland, which it has been my good fortune to visit, and which throw a dense column of water, far exceeding these *jets d’eau* in diameter, to an ascertained height of eighty feet and upwards, accompanied with dense volumes of steam—one of the grandest sights in the creation. Hanover is one of the most interesting old towns, as regards its buildings, of any I have seen on the Continent. Many of the houses are of great antiquity. There is indeed a strange and motley group of ancient and modern architecture throughout the town; and some of the buildings are of the most quaint and fantastic description. Notwithstanding the beautiful park, and the variety of architecture which engages the attention, Hanover appears to me to wear a dull, deserted appearance; yet it is one of the capitals of Europe, and well repays a short visit, and particularly to an Englishman. One peculiarity I noticed, viz.,—paper blinds, generally blue or green; and as most of the modern houses have adopted them, and the blinds are generally drawn down to keep out the sun, the effect is simply—peculiar. In

the afternoon we were visited with a storm and heavy rain, which to my great delight cooled the air considerably, and in a short space of time.

*Monday, July 19.* — Weather much cooler to-day. The heat has hitherto been intense beyond any thing I ever experienced. We went through the Palace, which is handsomely decorated, and into the plate-room, where there is a large collection of plate, made by the late king, some modern, and some of considerable antiquity, but all very beautiful. The floors of the Palace are prettily inlaid. The room in which the king died was pointed out to us: I believe he was very much beloved and respected at Hanover. That he was a kind-hearted man there can be no doubt; and I cannot forbear reminding my readers of the generous manner in which his Majesty transmitted £500 for the relief of the family of poor Theodore Hook, at a time when few — “very few of those,” as the reviewer in the *Quarterly* remarks, “who had either profited as politicians by his zeal and ability, or courted him in their lofty circles for the fascination of his wit, were found to show any feeling for his unfortunate offspring.” With Theodore Hook I was myself personally acquainted. I never met with one more full of the “milk of human kindness.” He might have been a happier man if he had “minded not high things,” but had been satisfied with “condescending (as he ever did) to men of low estate,” to whom his charity literally knew no bounds.

The present King of Hanover is generally beloved:

his character may, I believe, be summed up in a few words—amiable, virtuous, kind, and accomplished. His “Ideas and Reflections on the Properties of Music,” written when Prince George of Hanover, is a work of acknowledged merit, and has been favourably noticed in the Quarterly Review, “as incontrovertibly establishing his claim to rank as the most accomplished amongst contemporary scions of royalty.” In the square fronting the Palace is the Waterloo Memorial, a handsome pillar, 160 feet high.

## BRUNSWICK.

Departed by train at one o'clock for Brunswick, and arrived there at three: put up at *Das Deutsche Haus*. Brunswick is a remarkably quaint old town, with innumerable gables, high pitched roofs, and overhanging stories, one above another, the tops of the houses approximating each other on either side, in the narrow streets. We took a carriage and drove about the town and environs. A fine obelisk is erected to the memory of the two Dukes of Brunswick, father and son, who nobly fell at Jena and Quatre-Bras. The first Duke of Brunswick was mortally wounded in the battle of Jena, in 1808. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army in that terrible conflict, when no fewer than twenty thousand Prussians were killed or taken; a grape-shot wound in the face compelled him to be carried off the field, and his hurried retreat to Altona (where he was to have embarked for England) brought on inflammation,

which terminated his career. His son (it is said) vowed eternal revenge; and certain it is, that nine years after, that son fell gallantly on the field of battle at Quatre-Bras, whilst charging at the head of a regiment of lancers. Harassed by the fire of the enemy's batteries, attacked by columns of French infantry, and a large force of cavalry advancing upon them, it is little to be wondered at, that the Duke of Brunswick's corps should have fallen back as it did, in confusion, at Quatre-Bras. Putting himself at the head of a regiment of lancers, the Duke gallantly charged the French infantry; "but these received him with such a steady front, that no impression was made, and the lancers retreated in confusion on Quatre-Bras. The Duke, perceiving that the enemy was too strong for him, desired his infantry to fall back in good order upon the same point. They tried to do so, but failed; for the French artillery struck with terrible effect among them, and the tirailleurs closing in, supported by clouds of cavalry, the troops so assailed lost all self-possession, and broke. They fled in confusion, some by Quatre-Bras, others right through the English regiments, which had formed on the left of it, and all the Duke's exertions to stay them failed. It was at this moment that the gallant Duke of Brunswick, while striving to arrest the flight of one of his regiments of infantry, received the fatal shot which terminated his existence. "Thus, in the forty-fourth year of his age, the Duke of Brunswick died, as his father had died before him, on the fatal field of Jena." \*

\* Gleig's Story of the Battle of Waterloo.

The Palace of Brunswick is a handsome modern building, but has nothing else remarkable about it.

In the evening we went to the Opera, a neat little theatre, about the size of our "Olympic," with an unusually large orchestra. The opera was "Fidelio," and was well performed—over at nine. The chief attraction—a young lady from Stuttgard, who sang sweetly. We were received at the Opera with fixed bayonets, as we had been at the Railway station at Minden; but our nerves were not particularly affected by it, either at one place or the other.

### HARTZBURG.

*Tuesday, July 20.*—To Hartzburg in the morning by rail (about two hours). Got rooms at the *Hotel de Brunswick*, close to the railway. Hartzburg, a small pretty village, with a pleasant little trout stream flowing through. Lost about two hours in getting a conveyance to look at the surrounding scenery of the Hartz mountains.

An agreeable drive eventually brought us to the foot of the Ilsenstein, a precipice about 420 feet high. Thence to the village of Ilsenburg, which is a pleasing little spot, where we had lunch at the "Rothe Florellen," or, *Red Trout*—of which, however, we got none.

We proceeded in the carriage some distance further up the ravine, where the river Ilse falls, in many charming little cascades, from rock to rock. On the road from Hartzburg a good view is frequently obtained of

the Brocken, which rises about 3500 feet above the level of the sea, but has no appearance of grandeur in its outline.

The scenery immediately about it, from all accounts, and from the little that we saw, is of a pleasing description. I regretted that we could not devote a day or two to ramble in the neighbourhood, ascend the summit, and watch for the *Spectre of the Brocken*; but this was not at present our object.

### MAGDEBURG.

*Wednesday, July 21.*—We started at 10, *en route* for Magdeburg, where we arrived at 4½ o'clock; having waited an hour and a half at an intermediate station, near which was a Café, in the shape of a Turkish kiosk. Here we had some refreshment, and came in for some good music, as a rehearsal was going on in the Summer Theatre, in the gardens. Very hot all day. Put up at Magdeburg at the *Stadt London*. Drove out in the evening to look at the fortifications, and at the river Elbe, which flows in three different branches through the town.

*Thursday, July 22.*—I saw a regiment exercising this morning between the hours of 7 and 8 a.m., at which time I generally get a walk before breakfast. The men are quicker in all their movements than our troops, and go through their exercise with greater energy, and more spirit. Our soldiers appear to me to move more mechanically, which gives the appearance of a want of life



and animation in all they do. I speak chiefly of the *parade* work, and am ready to admit that in point of steadiness they are perfect, and in the field not to be surpassed. The Prussians, on the contrary, however, seem to feel *individually* interested, and are full of animation. The helmet and the short cut frock look remarkably well in line. I hope one day to see our Dockyard Brigade dressed like them, and adopt for their motto, *Pro Aris et Focis*. That brigade is a fine, useful body of men, and makes a creditable appearance, considering all the disadvantages under which it labours. The extra cost of the helmet would be provided for by the saving in the cloth of the coat, which would be considerable. For the organization of this valuable corps, the country is mainly indebted to Captain Baillie Hamilton, R.N.

We walked to the cathedral, a splendid building; the interior of which is truly magnificent. The capitals of the columns are elaborately and beautifully carved; and there are several interesting and highly finished sculptured monuments. The beauty and magnificence of the cathedral of Magdeburg, would alone repay a visit to the town.

## BERLIN.

Off by 11½ Express train for Berlin, where we arrived at 3 o'clock, passing Potsdam (which we hope to visit). Obtained rooms at the *Hotel du Nord*, in Unter-den-Linden, a noble street, with avenues of lime-trees down the centre. The principal buildings and

statues being all concentrated here, the effect is grand. I strolled about, and got a general idea of the principal parts of the city, which lies on the left bank of the Spree, —a very insignificant river, flowing through a level plain, on which the town is built, and eventually joining the Havel, which discharges itself into the Elbe. The effect of the "West End" is so grand that I am forcibly reminded of St. Petersburg; but it is not to be compared with the "Admiralty Quarter" of Petersburg, which eclipses Berlin "as daylight doth a lamp," both in grandeur and in the extent of its noble edifices. The equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, erected recently by Professor Rauch at Berlin, and inaugurated with great military pomp, may vie with that of Peter the Great at Petersburg; though they can scarcely be compared, being so entirely dissimilar. That at Berlin is, perhaps, the finest bronze group in the world; the pedestal, which is twenty-five feet high, having four equestrian statues at the angles; and each side of it embellished with figures the size of life in alto-relievo, representing the distinguished generals and most eminent statesmen of the period intended to be marked, which I believe is that of the Seven Years' war, each in their respective costumes, and all supposed to be likenesses.

The statue of Frederick the Great, seated on horseback (which is exceedingly characteristic), is said to be upwards of seventeen feet in height; so that the whole group is not less than forty-two feet from the ground.

It is an imposing ornament to the capital of Prussia, which owes all its splendour to *Frederick* the Great; just

as St. Petersburg does to the Czar, *Peter* the Great. There is also at Berlin a fine bronze statue of Blucher, not far from that of Frederick the Great. At the entrance to the museum is the beautiful bronze statue of the Amazon, by Professor Kiss; a copy of which was in the Great Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. The original is indeed a most exquisite work of art; as are also two equestrian statues on the opposite side of the square in front of the palace, one of which was presented by the Emperor of Russia. They represent horses in a rearing position, reined in by the figures which hold them. At one end of the palace is a handsome polished marble pillar with bronze capital, surmounted by the Prussian eagle in gilt.

*Friday, July 23.*—Visited the palace, which is magnificently fitted up in the interior. The throne-room and ball-room surpassed any thing of the kind I had seen, more especially the latter, which is most elegant. Thence to the museum of sculpture and paintings, on the opposite side of the square. In front of the building stands a vase of polished granite, some sixty feet in circumference, worked out of a large block brought to Berlin from the neighbourhood. Here, too, is grandeur combined with great taste. When the new part of the museum is finished, it will be one of the finest in Europe. No expense is spared to render it so. I sigh for England, when I see how the fine arts are every where encouraged abroad, at Paris, Munich, Berlin—but the Great Exhibition of last year has given us a stimulus, and the effects of that vast and successful undertaking are now be-

*ginning* to be seen and felt in different parts of the metropolis. Under the colonnade of the museum at Berlin, are some frescoes which I could not appreciate: perhaps some will think them very superior who better understand them. We had the luck to see the king step into his carriage at the Academy of Arts, and to get very near to his majesty, who is a stout, pleasant, good-humoured-looking man. We went to the Opera, to hear *Der Freischutz*. The music was fine, and the incantation scene, the perfection of *Diablerie*. The Opera is a splendid house, and beautifully decorated. The king's box occupies a large space in the centre, projecting in a semicircle beyond the box tier. At the Opera at Brunswick, the duke's box was on a similar plan. The performance began at 6½, and was over at 9. I wish we could adopt the same rational hours.

*Saturday, July 24.*—Drove through several of the streets of Berlin, and to a rising piece of ground in the suburbs, where a handsome bronze monument, about sixty feet high (somewhat similar in form to Sir Walter Scott's monument at Edinburgh), commemorates the various battles fought by the Prussians. The view of the city from this monument is imposing, and makes it on that account alone worthy of a visit. An old Prussian soldier who had passed through six battles unscathed, but lost his leg at Waterloo, attends at the monument. He is a good specimen of "a fine old" Prussian soldier, "one of the olden time."

## CHARLOTTENBURG.

Drove to Charlottenburg, and walked through the grounds, which are pretty; and to the Mausoleum, where rest the bodies of the late King and Queen. Two exquisite marble statues, reposing at full length, representing their Majesties, are placed within the building, the roof of which is supported by handsome marble pillars—and the side walls are also of marble, obtained in the neighbourhood. It is a spot of great interest, and reminded me of the mausoleum near Paris, in which lies the body of the Duke of Orleans, consigned to an early grave.

Both are sanctuaries of simple grandeur, designed with judgment, feeling, and refined taste. The marble figures of the late King and Queen are by Professor Rauch, and are very chaste and beautiful.

On our way, we observed on the road two or three storks' nests with the birds sitting on them, keeping a sharp look-out. Perched at the very top of the trees in the avenue, they looked odd enough, and reminded me of my friend Captain Penny's "Crow's nest" on the topgallant mast-head of the "Lady Franklin," when in the Arctic Seas. We dined at the Table d'Hôte, and in the evening went to some gardens not far from the Brandenburg Gate, where there were performers vocal and instrumental. Many young people were present, and officers of various regiments in their different uniforms. The gardens belong to M. Kroll, and are much frequented. The house has

several saloons, one of which I think surpasses in size and splendour any saloon of the description I have ever seen. It would hold many hundreds of people; and when filled with company, and lit up, must certainly look remarkably fine. The Brandenburg Gate is a triumphal arch, on the top of which stands a war chariot drawn by four horses, the same which Buona-  
parte took to Paris, where it remained many years; but was afterwards recovered by the Prussians, and replaced on the gateway where it now stands. This, it will be remembered, was the chariot on which the celebrated pun was made upon Napoleon,—“Où est Napoleon? le Charlatan—*l'attend*,” it having been intended to place a statue of the Emperor in the car.

*Sunday, July 25.*—We attended church. It is entered directly from the hotel at which we were staying. The Bishop of Jerusalem preached an impressive sermon.

## POTSDAM.

In the afternoon we went by rail to Potsdam (being limited to time), and saw the Palace, fitted up in the old style, just as it was left by Frederick the Great.

Some of the fountains were playing, but not to their usual height. Still they were pleasing; and the sun shining bright on the spray formed a beautiful rainbow, which we gazed upon with our backs to the sun—a sight I have often enjoyed, by placing myself in a simi-

lar relative position when viewing large falls of water in mountainous countries. The gardens of Sans Souci are neatly laid out. There is not much to see in the "New Palace" (as it is still called), except a handsome vase presented by the Emperor of Russia, one or two fine pictures, and a saloon fitted up with shells and specimens of mineralogy. There is also a bath-room, supposed to be in exact imitation of the one at Pompeii, and in it are two statues, said to have been found among the ruins of the latter place. We dined at the station, and returned by train in the evening. The journey occupies about three quarters of an hour each way. Upon the whole I was disappointed with Potsdam: so much is said about it, that I certainly expected to see something not to be surpassed either in elegance or in grandeur; in my opinion it can boast of neither one nor the other, and, if it were not for its interesting associations, would not repay the trouble of a visit. But there is a fine church in Potsdam, which gives an air of great importance to the place—the dome being of the most beautiful proportions.

So much for Potsdam. And now we shall speedily quit Berlin *en route* for other cities, which I trust may prove less noisy than Berlin; for any thing to equal the incessant rattling of vehicles, day and night, I never experienced: the noise of Piccadilly, Oxford Street, or Holborn, is nothing to it. The former is bad enough at night. A friend of mine, a sailor, who hired a lodging in Piccadilly, told me he was constantly jump-

ing out of bed at night as the cabs rattled by, dreaming it was coming on to blow fresh, and that he would have to take in sail! He had, however, but just returned from an unusually lengthened cruise in the Pacific, and up into Behring Straits.

## DRESDEN.

*Monday, July 26.*—Left Berlin by 7 a. m. train for Dresden, the capital of Saxony, where we arrived at 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and went to the *Victoria Hotel*. On approaching Dresden the country begins to undulate a little. Before this all had been a dead level. Indeed the whole surface we had traversed, from Ostend to Dresden (except about Liege), may be called one vast plain of many hundred miles in extent, stretching to the Baltic, and broken only by the Hartz range of mountains.

We visited the gallery of pictures—one of the finest collections I have seen; but, of course, could only glance over them. It would take weeks to study them, which would not have answered our present purpose. We drove through the town. It contains nothing remarkable in the way of buildings, though many are of great antiquity. But there are one or two large and handsome churches. The theatre is likewise a fine building, and a new museum is in progress, which will be handsome when completed; and the gallery of pictures in Dresden will hereafter be removed to it. A pleasant walk surrounds the town, commencing with a flight of steps on the left bank of the Elbe, over



which are two bridges, one of them being quite modern.

In our drive we passed the palace of Prince Puckler Muskau, who became notorious in England for a book of travels he published—no one, I believe, having heard much of him before or since. I observed at Dresden a marked difference in the appearance of the soldiers, who have very little martial look about them.

In Prussia, and particularly at Berlin, every thing of course is military; the town is filled with troops. I sometimes pitied both officers and men, especially the former, as they could not walk fifty yards through the streets without having to return as many salutes.

*Tuesday, July 27.*—We visited the armoury, which contains an extensive and beautiful collection of ancient armour, with groups of grim warriors, “fierce and strong,” armed *cap-a-pie*, and mounted on their war-horses, some in tilting attitude, with their heavy lances pointing at each other’s breast, scorning

“To yield a step for death or life;”

and waiting only for the signal:—

“Forward, brave champions, to the fight!  
Sound trumpets! God defend the right.”

From thence we went to the Green Vaults (as they are called); for what reason I know not. They contain a charming collection of works of art of the last two or three centuries; some of the most exquisite gems of

*vertu* imaginable, and each with a room set apart for them—one for carvings in ivory, another for wood, a third for silver ornaments, &c., and the jewel room, with the king's jewels. Any description of such things would be next to impossible—suffice it to say, that they are both “rich and rare.” We went into the church formerly belonging to the Roman Catholics. It is a fine building; but the inhabitants of Dresden are Protestants, and the church therefore is empty on most days. I regretted that time did not admit of our visiting any of the porcelain manufactures in the neighbourhood of Dresden; but having inspected them at Sévres last year, and more than once gone carefully through the earthenware operations at Worcester, I consoled myself by thinking I should not have acquired any more knowledge, however much I might have been amused and gratified. By rail at one o'clock to Potscha. The rail runs on the left bank of the Elbe, just above the river. The formation of the sand cliffs, lying in horizontal layers, is well seen on the opposite side, and affords a good study for the geologist.

## SAXON SWITZERLAND.

At Potscha crossed the river Elbe, which cuts through the chain of mountains dividing the kingdom of Saxony from Bohemia, and called Das Erz Gebirg and Riesen Gebirg. Took a delightful walk through what may be called the heart of Saxon Switzerland, to the Rock of Bastei, from which a splendid view is obtained, not to be

surpassed in any scenery of a similar nature. Rocks of every kind, with abundance of wood, and the Elbe winding its serpentine course at a depth of some 800 feet below us. Many of the rocks we passed in our walks through the Ottowalder Ground, much resemble those at Tunbridge Wells in their general character, though higher and more grand. Passing the "Devil's Kitchen," we walked as far up the ravine as "Das Thor" (the gate), where some large fragments of rock have formed an arch overhead.

From Bastei (where we dined) we took a carriage, and after a drive of two hours, through scenery of a beautiful description, arrived at half-past eight at Schandau in light marching order, having sent on our heavy baggage by rail to the station, on the opposite side of the river. Got rooms at the Post-house, *Forsthaus*. Some of the views obtained were extremely fine, especially on the road from the Bastei to Schandau, from the highest point of which a most extensive prospect is obtained, embracing in point of fact—in a bird's-eye view—the whole of Saxon Switzerland. Among the many remarkable rocks rising into the air, and clad with pines, the Königstein (on which stands a fortress) and Lilienstein are pre-eminently conspicuous. On our left was a long range of rock called the Brant, I believe on account of its having been once on fire, when the timber was to a great extent destroyed. I must not omit to mention another point of view—that from the Wahl Rock, which it would be difficult to describe properly. It looks into a valley of huge

rocks, of all imaginable shapes, many entirely denuded. From hence is a fine echo, almost equal to that at the seven churches at Glendalough :—

“ By that lake whose gloomy shore  
Skylark never warbles o'er.”

Verses which the celebrated guide, Winder, is wont to recite line for line, and each of which is distinctly echoed from the opposite mountains. My friend, Mr. Weld, tells me that he passed three or four weeks in Saxon Switzerland this last summer, and that it quite repaid him. He describes the walks and rides as most enchanting and the country abounding in trout-streams for the disciples of Isaac Walton. I, too, should have liked to dwell upon this lovely spot ; but rigid are the rules of office, and two months was all I had to call my own. My object now was to amuse myself as I best could, and to see as much as possible in a short time, by rail and road. To explore the beauties of Saxon Switzerland, dive into the recesses of the Hartz mountains, and climb the Brocken, is one thing ; but to take a great sweep round the continent of Europe, to visit most of its capitals, and to get a superficial glance of the whole, is another. The latter was *solely* my object ; and having previously visited many of the localities through which we passed—some more than once—and being familiarly acquainted with them, it was only when I came to such spots as Saxon Switzerland and the Brocken range—and to such cities as Vienna, Venice, &c.—that I felt regret to take at present but a cursory glance, in-

dulging however in the fallacious hope, that I might one day be my own master, free from the trammels of office, to go where I please, and stay as long as it might suit me.

*Wednesday, July 28.*—Up early, recrossed the Elbe to the station at Krippen on the opposite bank, and off by the train at 8 a.m. for Prague, stopping at Bodenbach in Bohemia, on the Austrian frontiers, for about half an hour, to examine luggage, which was done in a civil courteous manner, and occasioned but little delay. Here the scenery undergoes a change, the hills receding, and losing their precipitous character, but still very beautiful. The rail continues to run along the left bank of the Elbe, and it is really a pleasing railway trip; the river being enlivened with numerous boats and lengthy rafts floating down the stream. The rail follows the winding of the river nearly the whole journey to Prague, where we arrived at about 2 p.m.

## PRAGUE.

Prague is remarkable for the number of its sharp, needle-pointed spires, and is beautifully situated on the river Moldau, which, taking its rise in the chain of mountains that separate Bohemia from Bavaria, flows with many tributaries into the Elbe through Saxony. We got rooms at the Hotel de Saxe with some difficulty, drove about the town and environs in the evening, and visited the Museum, where there is an excellent collection of minerals, birds, &c., and of natural history in general. There is also a collec-

tion of paintings at Prague, but they were undergoing re-adjustment in the rooms, and we could not see them. I have no hesitation in saying, that (with the exception of its beautiful situation) I was greatly disappointed with Prague, the capital of Bohemia; and, as it may be considered heresy to say so, I am rejoiced to learn from so good an authority as Mr. Weld that he was no less so.

*Thursday, July 29.*—Went out for a morning walk, and saw a regiment of Hungarians (Austrian army), with their tight blue pantaloons and high-lows, which they usually wear. They were returning from exercise. The place, being in a state of siege, was filled with troops, whose presence appeared to create no discontent. I took a walk on the ramparts, which surround a great part of the town and form a pleasant promenade; and in the afternoon we visited the Jews' synagogue, a most curious and interesting old building, said to have been erected in the sixth century—also their burial-ground, which is a very singular spot, with innumerable solid head-stones heaped together. I think I never saw so many hustled one upon another—a perfect forest; and it is curious to reflect upon the countless thousands whose bones have found their last resting-place in that small spot. I remember once being much struck with the register of deaths and burials in a very small churchyard, in a small village, in Oxfordshire. Being desirous to ascertain the interment of a somewhat celebrated character in English history some hundred years ago

(the Earl of Rochester), I inquired if they had the registers. The books were placed in my hands. Hundreds upon hundreds had gone to their rest in that sacred spot, enclosed by a few stone walls, which, with a few mounds, were all that marked the little acre which held them.

“I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial-ground God’s Acre.”——

No one should omit to visit the Jews’ synagogue and burial-ground. I learn from Mr. Drach, with respect to the synagogue of Prague, that the Jews, having fought the heathens under Boleslaus II., were rewarded with permission to build their synagogue soon after the public adoption of Christianity in the year 996.

In the burial-ground we were struck with the number of small stones, pebbles, pieces of tiles, &c., placed on the tops of the head-stones, just as children might lodge them in our own churchyards—but these were so numerous, and so carefully deposited, that there was evidently some religious feeling connected with it. On referring the question to Mr. Drach, I find that the custom of placing a stone at the grave of a friend, parent, &c., is merely a memorial of their survivors having visited the sacred spot. This gentleman further observes, that persons who committed suicide, or had died before incurring legal punishment to which they had been sentenced, had stones *thrown* on their coffin or grave as a sort of expiation, in a country where stoning was a capital punishment; but that *throwing* stones under any other circumstances was condemned

by the Jews as Paganism, it being customary to throw stones at the image of Hermes, of Mercury—"Ha-sorch Eben l'merkules so he abodato,"—He who throws a stone to Mercury worships him. In the Jewish *Ritual* a singular practice exists to this day, of burning a candle in the room where a corpse has been laid, and that for many days; and placing a basin of water and a towel, under the strange supposition that the *Manes* of the departed may wish to purify. I need not say that any thing so outrageously absurd is scouted by the intelligent Jews of the present generation, and some effort has been made by the public to expunge so gross an absurdity from their *Ritual*, but with no effect, as many still hold to the superstition, and delight I suppose, "*stare super antiquas vias.*" It is on a par with the untutored savages, who place spears and armour beside the bodies of their dead, thinking they may require them in the chase. The synagogue at Prague is in the Jews' quarter of the town, but difficult to find. Kings have visited both, and the Emperor Nicholas was the last who did so.

There are some good streets in Prague, but few public buildings to attract notice. We proceeded by rail towards Vienna, starting at 3 p.m. for Böhm Trübau, where we proposed remaining the night to break the long journey. It was a single line of rails: we travelled fast, and the stoppages were few and short. The day before we had not fared so well. The carriages are constructed with a passage through the whole of them, and are entered at the ends instead of the sides, after



the American plan. We arrived at Böhn Trübau at 9 p.m. The few last stages took us through some beautiful scenery of fine fir-clad hills, through which the rail winds its course in more curves than I had ever seen, and consequently we went at a slow pace. At Böhn Trübau we emerged, to our disappointment, from the beautiful scenery which we had been enjoying so much. There is a junction at this spot, and it is a convenient place to select to divide the long journey. Single line all the way.

*Friday, July 30.*—The next morning I took an early stroll, tracing a charming little trout stream to its source, where the water bubbles up, clear as crystal, at the foot of a hill. It was a very hot day, the sun shining brilliantly, with its piercing rays darting from a clear blue sky, unbroken by a cloud.

I passed two young women at their morning toilet in the stream: washing and arranging their hair, which they fastened up, all wet as it was, with a silk handkerchief soaking wet. The sun would doubtless soon dry their handkerchiefs—and their brains too, I should have thought; but the peasantry expose themselves to the fiercest rays of the sun with no other covering than a light handkerchief, and I have often seen the men with nothing to protect their heads. Walked through several fields, where beautiful winged butterflies were settling on the wild-flowers in great numbers, enjoying the glorious sun, which shone, as I have said, without a cloud to intercept its splendour. The weather was, in truth, very fine, though intensely hot; indeed we have had

nothing but the finest weather since starting on our tour.

## BRUN.

We left Böhn Trübau by train at 11 a.m., and stopped at Brun (which we reached at 2½ o'clock) for half an hour, and had some luncheon. Brun appears a place of some importance, and a manufacturing town. Latterly, I observed we had a double line of rail. *Women* in great numbers were working on the rail, and doing the hard work of *navvies*. (This happens, I suppose, from keeping up a large army.) They were also employed building houses, &c. I never saw this in any other country I have visited. Whilst at work in the broiling sun, they cover their faces with handkerchiefs, leaving nothing visible but the eyes peeping out—a great advantage to some who have nothing but bright eyes to attract one; a pair of which, I remarked, were very piercing; but I have no idea what the remainder of the young “navvy’s” features were like. I observed that the Prussian and Austrian *employés* on the railways salute the trains as they pass *tout au militaire*, both being under military government. These Austrian railway porters are uncommonly well set up, and really have a soldier-like look. They all wear fierce moustaches.

The crops every where in the countries we have passed through appeared remarkably fine, and the greater part of the harvest was already cut, and carried.

## VIENNA.

We arrived at Vienna at 7½, and proceeded to the *Golden Lamb*. On approaching Vienna a railway bridge crosses the Danube, which is here a noble river. It seems strange that the city should not have been built nearer to that spot.

*Saturday, July 31.*—Drove about the town sight-seeing. Vienna is a splendid city, giving the idea of great opulence, although in point of fact it has but one fine street of great width. Every thing is, nevertheless, in grand style. The principal objects of attraction we saw were the tombs of the emperors, which are in vaults. The monumental sarcophagi, in which their bodies are now “quietly inurned,” are most beautiful, being elaborately worked in bronze. Some statues by Canova—one, a monument in one of the churches, very grand; another, Hercules slaying the Centaur, in a temple in one of the gardens.

There is at Vienna a splendid gallery of paintings by the old masters, and some by modern artists. Paid a visit to the Emperor’s stables, which, when full, will hold six hundred horses. There were several in the stalls, and all fine animals, well kept, well fed, and well groomed; state carriages and other vehicles innumerable: the whole display being quite equal to that in our own Royal Mews.

The cathedral at Vienna is an ancient building, very grand, inside and out. The Treasury is another place we visited, where, amongst other valuable things, the

crown jewels are kept; but there was such a mob of people, and it was so hot, that we were soon satisfied, and glad to quit the place without setting eyes upon one-third part of the treasures.

In the afternoon we took a drive to the Prater, the Hyde Park of Vienna, which in the month of May is thronged with equipages, horsemen, and pedestrians. But now all the fashionable world were absent from the town.

In the evening went to the Opera. *The Prophète* was performed—as splendid a spectacle as I have ever seen on the stage. One or two of the scenes were magnificent. They could not well be excelled in scenic representation. The music and singing, as might be expected, first rate; the whole indeed is as grand an Opera as it is possible to conceive. No *habituè* at Her Majesty's Theatre, or at Covent Garden, could have desired better performance. The orchestra is unrivalled.

*Sunday, August 1.*—Opposite our hotel, in front of a café are numerous oleanders in full bloom, and many people seated at their little tables sipping their coffee, reading the paper, and perhaps settling the affairs of the nation.

I was generally up at 6 a.m., and on looking out of my window, the seats at the café were always occupied. They are a very early people at Vienna, as every where else on the Continent, and the vehicles are rattling about at 4 a.m. Yet they do not appear to be particularly early in going to bed. We attended morning service at the ambassador's, and in the afternoon drove to

## SCHOENBRUN,

the Versailles of Vienna, and the summer residence of the Emperor. The gardens are very pleasant to walk in, and the esplanade of the palace is perhaps one of the finest in Europe. On a rising slope of ground stands a sort of temple called the Belvidere, from the top of which a magnificent panorama presents itself, and Vienna is seen to much advantage, extending over a great surface of ground.

Close to the palace is a café, where we dined. Numerous well-dressed parties were there, and some of the elite. An excellent band played many pleasing airs. At about 8 o'clock we came away. The road was literally swarming with one moving mass of human beings; some on foot, and some in vehicles of every description, each on their way home, like so many bees to their hives. The whole town go *out of town* apparently on the Sunday, and all the cafés on the roadside are thronged. It had the appearance of a great fair. Mounted police kept the road clear. Every one appeared to be orderly and well conducted, and all to be enjoying themselves.

*Monday, August 2.*—Took a long drive to-day, first to a spot called Brühl, where we walked to a fine old ruin of a castle, and afterwards to Laxemburg, a summer residence of the Emperor, where there is a modern-built castle, on the plan of one of those of ancient times, and into which have been collected many remnants and relics from the old ruined castles in that neighbourhood.

They are both beautiful spots, especially the former, where the scenery is lovely.

On an elevated spot south of the town, stands a stone cross, from whence a fine view is obtained of Vienna. We found every thing tranquil at Vienna; nothing to indicate discontent. The streets were filled with people, all apparently intent upon their usual vocation and pursuits, and the shops well stored with goodly merchandise. The art of dress is evidently not neglected here; and probably there is no city in Europe where there will be seen ladies more elegantly attired. It is altogether a fascinating place.

### THE DANUBE TO MELK.

On *Tuesday, August 3*, we were off at 5 a.m., and started by the steamer at 7, up the Danube. She was absolutely *crowded* with people, not less than five or six hundred persons on board; the fore part of the vessel being the most crammed. There was a motley group and a variety of costume, as may be supposed. Some poor fellows, labourers, were lying on the deck fast asleep, and nothing seemed to disturb their repose—not even the sun, which was scorching them, nor the passengers who walked over them. In the after part of the vessel the passengers were fortunately not so numerous. They were apparently of all nations except our own; we seemed to be the only English on board. There was but one person in the after part in any way remarkable in his appearance. This was a gentleman with a pair of

fiery-red mustaches, which, I do not exaggerate in stating, hung from six to eight inches down, on either side, from the upper lip, and were very bushy into the bargain. He was further remarkable for having an infinity of rings on every finger. I was disappointed with the scenery on the banks of the Danube, which only becomes attractive on approaching a place called *Melk*, where we landed at 5 p.m. There is here a very large monastery of Benedictines, and one of the finest churches attached to it that I have any where seen on the Continent. It is worth a long journey to visit it; and the view from the monastery, which stands on a rock rising immediately above the "dark-rolling" Danube, is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. The first part of the voyage, as I have said, possesses little or no interest, but the latter part, towards Melk and beyond to Linz, as I am informed, is uncommonly fine, the river contracting considerably, and the rocks rising precipitously, well clad with firs.

There were numerous rafts descending the river, which flows with fearful rapidity, even now, low as it is—and on some of them were several horses embarked. As the steamer passed these rafts, the waves, knocked up by her, set them rocking, and the horses too. These rocking-horses not being of wood gave the boatmen some trouble, as might be judged by their angry gestures and loud gesticulations on passing. The river is at present unusually low, and in many parts entirely dry, and the navigable channel shallow and intricate.

*Wednesday, August 4.*—Having left the steamer, and

slept at Melk, we proceeded by the road to Linz at 6½ a.m. Scenery beautiful; on our left a fine range of mountains, rising in many shapes in the distance to a height, perhaps, of about 3000 or 4000 feet. The road was in good order. We stopped at Amstein to lunch. The whole of the country we are now passing through is Austria *proper*. Dined, at Enns, a small town, with a curious old tower in the centre.

I observed that at sunset here, as elsewhere in these parts, "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day," and every person takes off his hat during the few minutes the bell is sounding, and utters, I presume, a prayer.

### LINZ, ON THE DANUBE.

Arrived late, 10 p.m., at Linz, and had some difficulty in getting housed; but we found rooms at last at the *Baireschen Hof*. The range of mountains which we had seen on our left, present a noble appearance between Enns and Linz. It proved a long journey from Melk; any thing is better than passing a night in a steamer with 500 or 600 persons on board, and with no accommodation. We lost, however, some of the fine scenery of the Danube, but saw Melk, and the scenery on the road in exchange; and consoled ourselves by thinking, that as the evening was drawing in, we should not have seen much of the fine scenery of the Danube, and we were, moreover, too tired to enjoy it.

Landing at Melk was an experiment, and it was questionable whether the postmaster could supply



either carriage or horses, and whether we should be able to get them further on, as the road is seldom travelled. We fortunately succeeded in getting a vehicle that held together, which is all I can say of it, and horses to drag it.

*Thursday, August 5.*—Linz is prettily situated on the Danube.

It has no other attraction, that I could discover, than its site. The town is dirty and disagreeable. The river is crossed by a wooden bridge, of frail construction, which shakes much as vehicles pass over. The head-dress of the peasant girls, at Linz and in the neighbourhood, struck my fancy—a black silk handkerchief drawn tight over the head, and streaming down over the shoulders, with a pretty face under it (and there are many to be seen), has a pleasing appearance. The old saying, is almost a proverb, “Linz formosa puellis,”—a place remarkable for pretty girls.

There seem to be but few of our countrymen at present travelling in this part of the Continent. During the whole of our journey we scarcely met with any, and found none either at Vienna or Linz—not even one, as I have said, could I detect in the crowded steamboat. The same remark applies to Hanover, Brunswick, and Prague. The north of Germany, in fact, did not appear to be a frequented route this summer. The stream, I suppose, is chiefly setting towards Chamouni; Mr. Albert Smith having probably turned the current in that direction, and filled them with the ardour of an *ascent of Mont Blanc*—a matter of more fatigue than risk, as I have learned

from several who have gone up, the dangers being generally somewhat exaggerated. For the turn of the tide we owe him a debt of gratitude; not liking to encounter the stream, as I have frequently done on the Rhine, where Regent Street may be said to be let loose in the summer months, and where one has to rush from house to house to get rooms. I am better pleased to meet the natives of the countries we are passing through, who are, for the most part, affable, courteous, and of good manners.

At 10½ a.m. we started from Linz, *en route* towards Ischl. There is a tramway part of the distance, and passenger-carriages are drawn on rails by horses; but we preferred a carriage and the road. Nothing can be more beautiful than the range of mountains towards which we are approaching. The forms are very fine, and particularly that of an abrupt rock called Traunstein.

Lunched, *sub tegmine fagi*, at the small village of Lambach—through which the river Traun flows in a beautiful stream. On nearer approach to the mountains, I considered them from 2000 to 3000 feet in height. On the road to Gmunden we passed the Falls of the Traun, which is a fine shoot of water on a small scale. The river is diverted from its course through a narrow channel, to turn some mills, and also to enable boats to shoot past the falls. We saw one pass down, just as a canoe is steered down the rapids in America—every thing depending upon the skill and steady nerve of the steersman: the slightest indecision would be immediate destruction. The shoot of water I estimated at about ten or twelve

miles an hour, certainly not less. The latter part of our drive to Gmunden was most beautiful.

## GMUNDEN.

Arrived at Gmunden at about six p.m., and got rooms at the *Golden Ship*.

Gmunden is a small village, prettily situated at the end of the small lake, Evensee, where the river Traun flows out of it. The lake is eight or ten miles in extent, hemmed in by the rocky hills and mountains, the base of which is partly clothed with verdure, and some of the hills to their very summit.

## EVENSEE : ISCHL.

*Friday, August 6.*—Left Gmunden at seven a.m., in the steamboat which traverses the lake, and in an hour reached the opposite end, and landed at the village of Evensee. The lake, however, besides bearing that name, is called the Gmundensee, and the Traunsee; the latter being the more appropriate, as the river Traun flows through it. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this lovely little lake. I have always considered small lakes, with high hills or mountains on either side, far more beautiful and picturesque than those on a grander scale.

We took a carriage, and in two hours reached Ischl, following the Traun the whole way, through charming scenery.

We only remained an hour at Ischl, a spot famed for its mineral waters, and in which there is nothing worthy of note except its site; but the excursions from it, in all directions, must be delightful. We proceeded on our way toward Salzburg, continuing to pass through the finest scenery; and along the side of an azure lake, blue as the Rhone as it flows out of the lake of Geneva, we reached St. Gilgen, at the head of it, in three hours. The lake bears the name of St. Gilgen. Continued our journey to Salzburg, skirting the lake of Fuschl, which is the last of these beautiful sheets of water. The roads are excellent, but hilly.

### SALZBURG.

Arrived at Salzburg at eight p.m. Our driver drove well, and exerted himself to the utmost in jumping up and down incessantly, to fix the drag. I never saw a man go through greater exertion; it was painful to witness it. We went to the *Archduke Charles Hotel*, Erzherzog Carl. I was at Salzburg in 1840 with Mr. Graham, twelve years ago, although it seems but the other day that we were there together.

*Saturday, August 7.*—It rained nearly all night, and is pouring down this morning—the first wet morning we have had. There is little to be seen at Salzburg. Its situation on the Salza, which flows into the Inn at no great distance from where the river enters the Danube, is certainly beautiful; but there is not much to admire

in the town, except the cathedral, which is a noble building. The fountain, with four sea-horses spouting water from their mouths and nostrils, is fine. There is also a statue erected to Mozart worth looking at. The rain prevented our going to the bishop's garden, and crossing the bridge, from whence there is a splendid view, which I saw on my former visit. The fortress rises finely above the town, on a precipitous rock.

### UNKEN.

Started at 11 a.m. towards Innsbruck. On leaving Salzburg the road passes through a tunnel in the rock, at each end of which a handsome gate is hewn out of the stone. We stopped at Reichenhalle. There are some salt-works stretching across the valley, which is surrounded by lofty mountains. The weather having cleared up, we greatly enjoyed our drive through several mountain gorges and much sublime scenery, continuing all the way to Unken, a small village in the midst of the mountains, where we arrived in three hours, and took up our quarters.

*Sunday, August 8.*—I enjoyed, as usual, my early morning walk before breakfast, and met many of the peasantry on their way to church, strangely dressed—the long-skirted, short-waisted coats, numerous buttons, and knee breeches, strongly reminding me of the Norwegian peasantry. The women have generally hats, much the same as those worn in Wales; and both men and women rejoice in crimson umbrellas. For the last two

or three days I have noticed many a "*memento mori*," in the shape of little paintings on boards, representing accidents. These are common in all Roman Catholic countries, but particularly so in the Tyrol. There was one yesterday in a little chapel, which the parents had erected to record the loss of their son, who perished in an avalanche. The figures are often represented in purgatory, and the passers-by are invited to pray for them. As specimens of the fine arts, they are not brilliant by any means. In the afternoon we took a delightful walk in the beautiful valley and on the hill-sides, and obtained a fine view of the majestic rocky mountains which surround the village of Unken. In this locality there are some of the best views for a landscape painter that can be imagined; and it would, I think, repay Mr. West to take a run into these parts, though the scenery is not, of course, on so grand a scale as that of Norway; his faithful and beautiful representations of which have ranked him amongst the first artists in Europe.

## RATTENBERG.

*Monday, August 9.*—We left Unken at 6½ a.m., having had a good day's rest in a clean neat post station, and enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the locality. Went as far as Rattenberg, a curious old town upon the river Inn, which flows rapidly through. There are two ruins of castles on the heights immediately above the town. A good bridge of three arches (the piers of stone) is thrown across the river. The whole

of the drive to-day has been through fine mountain ranges.

## INNSBRUCK.

*Tuesday, August 10.*—Again started at 6½ a.m. for Innsbruck, where we arrived at two p.m. The morning was wet, but it cleared off in the afternoon. The clouds, which were low, and enveloped the sides of the mountains, gradually lifted, and enabled us to obtain a view of the rich valley and sloping sides, dotted with numerous houses, villas, and hamlets, together with spires of churches all white as snow, rising out of the rich verdure, and forming a pleasing contrast. Twelve years ago I was at Innsbruck with the friend whom I have already mentioned—it has been greatly improved since then. The river Inn is now crossed by a handsome suspension bridge; the best sort of bridge for rivers which overflow their banks, and sweep every thing before them, as frequently happens with the Inn, and which I experienced in some spots on my former visit to the Tyrol, and last year at Interlaken. A handsome building has been erected for the museum, which we went through. It contains an interesting collection of various things, but chiefly of pictures. These, however, are of no great merit, except some very spirited cartoons by a Tyrolese artist. There are also specimens in natural history, mostly of a local character—such as the minerals of the Tyrol, birds of the Tyrol, butterflies, botanical specimens, &c.; also a few of the guns used by the

Tyrolese in the war, mounted on their carriages, which were strapped on the backs of the peasantry, and so transported over the mountains—the weight being about 80 lbs.

A handsome new street has been built, and public walks have been laid out, which I do not remember to have seen on my former visit. Revisited the Emperor Maximilian's tomb, and was again charmed with its exquisite marble tableaux by Colin. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautifully worked, more artistically designed, or more elaborate. On either side stand several large statues in bronze, one of which (Arthur, king of England) is exceedingly fine. I well remember being enchanted with it when here before. It is one of the most graceful statues I ever set eyes on. There is also a fine monumental statue of Hofer, whose memory is justly cherished throughout the Tyrol. This remarkable man, who fought so gallantly in defence of his country, and forfeited his life for it, was an inn-keeper in one of the valleys of the Tyrol; and at the age of forty took up arms against the united forces of France and Bavaria, himself taking command of the brave mountaineers, assisted by two chiefs—Speckbacher and Haspinger—the latter a Capuchin friar, a man of large stature, and who is still, I believe, living at Innsbruck, at a very advanced age. It was in the year 1809, that Innsbruck was in the actual possession of the French, Bavarians, and Saxons.

The Tyrol had long been appended to Austria—and was satisfied to be so, shewing at all times loyalty and



attachment (as they do to this day) to the Crown of Austria.

The Archduke John of Austria, had for some time placed himself in communication with Hofer, and a day having been previously fixed upon for a popular insurrection at Innsbruck, the French and their allies were entirely routed, and compelled to surrender the town. A great number of the allied army were killed and wounded; several officers of their staff taken prisoners; together with from three to four thousand artillery, cavalry, and infantry. This splendid achievement occurred on the 9th of April, 1809; and on the 29th of May following another great battle was fought, and a second time were the French driven out of Innsbruck. An armistice having been agreed upon between Austria and France, the Austrian troops were withdrawn from the Tyrol, and the brave peasantry were invited to lay down their arms. Indignantly rejecting the offer, they placed themselves under the command of their gallant leader, Andrew Hofer.

On the 13th of August the terrible battle of Isselberg was fought, when the Duke of Dantzic was entirely defeated at the head of 25,000 men by 18,000 Tyrolese, who drove him out of Innsbruck; and the French army evacuated the Tyrol, while Hofer made his triumphal entry into the capital. The French, however, having beaten the Tyrolese at Malek, again occupied Innsbruck, and Eugene Beauharnois besought the people to lay down their arms, with a promise of peace and pardon. The brave peasantry still steadily refused, and

for a length of time nobly defended their mountain passes, till overwhelmed by a constant succession of fresh columns of the enemy, who pressed in upon them.

A Saxon major, who was in Lefebvre's army in the Tyrol, in August, 1809, and was taken prisoner, has written an interesting account of their passage over the Brenner, extracts of which are given in my former publication of a tour in Austrian Lombardy and the Tyrol, where there is also given a summary of the war, of which this is but a meagre outline. "Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner," observes the Major, "was only opposed by small corps, which continued falling back after an obstinate though short resistance. Among others I perceived a man, full eighty years old, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death amongst our ranks with every shot. Upon the Bavarians descending from behind, to make him prisoner, he shouted aloud, hurrah! struck the first man to the ground with a ball, seized hold of the second, and with the ejaculation, in *God's name!* precipitated himself with him into the abyss below. Marching onwards, we heard resound from the summit of a high rock, '*Steven! shall I chop it off yet?*' to which a loud '*nay*' reverberated from the opposite side. This was told to the Duke of Dantzic, who, notwithstanding, ordered us to advance: at the same time he prudently withdrew from the centre to the rear. The van, consisting of 4000 Bavarians, had just stormed a deep ravine, where we again heard over our heads, '*Hans! for the most Holy Trinity;*' our terror was completed by the reply, '*In*

*the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose above,'* and ere a minute had elapsed were thousands of my comrades in arms crushed, buried, and overwhelmed by an incredible heap of broken rocks, stones, and trees, hurled down upon us. All of us were petrified: every one fled that could; but a shower of balls from the Tyrolese, who now rushed from the surrounding mountains in immense numbers, and among them boys and girls of ten or twelve years of age, killed or wounded a great many of us." Overpowered by continual fresh reinforcements of the enemy, the Tyrolese were at last obliged to submit to Eugene Beauharnois, and their leader was compelled to seek refuge in the mountain fastnesses.

Hofer remained concealed for a month in a wretched hut close to the glaciers, in the middle of winter, hoping for better times, and to renew hostilities; but his abode was discovered, his person seized, and he was dragged in chains to Mantua, where he was tried by court-martial, and, by a telegraph message from Milan, was ordered to be executed in twenty-four hours. He received the intelligence with his characteristic firmness. On reaching the place of execution, a corporal and twelve privates stepped out from the ranks, and stood before him. A white handkerchief was given to him to bind his eyes, and he was told to kneel. He threw away the handkerchief, and peremptorily refused to kneel, observing, "that he was used to stand upright before his Creator, and in that posture would deliver up his spirit to him." Having cautioned the corporal to take good aim, he gave the word "fire" in a loud voice, and fell to the ground. Of

all the acts of Napoleon, this appears to have been one of the most harsh.

Across the main street of Innsbruck stands a handsome triumphal arch, which had slipped from my memory. There is nothing else to be seen or noticed at Innsbruck—the attraction of which rests in its site, perhaps the most remarkable of any town in Europe. Placed in the valley, through which flows the Inn, and stretching across it, the majestic mountains rise precipitously over the town, some thousand feet above it. These were now capped with recent fallen snow.

### PASS OF THE BRENNER.

*Wednesday, August 11.*—We started from Innsbruck at seven a.m. The clouds were hanging low down in the valley, which was consequently obscured in a thick fog; but as we mounted the height, we were soon above the clouds, which were now rapidly dispersing themselves, and we obtained a most beautiful view of the summit of the lofty range which encloses the valley—the crisp white snow making the tops of the mountains stand out in glorious relief against an azure sky, while the fleecy clouds hung about two-thirds down the sides. The ascent from Innsbruck affords one of the most splendid scenes that can be witnessed; and when the valley is clear the view would doubtless be still more striking. A fine road leads to the summit; and far below flows the river Sill, twisting like the coils of a snake. In one part it is spanned by a noble arch, which we de-

scended to look at. Through this arch a fine view presents itself of the snow-capped range, which long remains in sight from various parts of the road; of course with infinite variety of foregrounds to the landscape. At the second post station at Steinach, the pass of the Brenner is approached.

In nearly all the houses in the Tyrol, paintings on the walls are common, generally representing religious subjects, and the windows and doors are festooned with various devices. They are observable here, as elsewhere. The ascent of the Brenner commences at a small village, called, I believe, Kreis. It is easy, and the summit soon attained. The total height above the sea is not more than 3300 feet. The scenery is of a pleasing character, but of no pretension to grandeur. The descent is perhaps the finest, and the road constantly crosses and recrosses a rapid mountain torrent, which foams over its rocky bed. We travelled post, procuring such carriages as we could, and some queer ones, but always excellent drivers and good horses, which enabled us to get quickly on.

The little town or village of Sterzing, is at the foot of the Brenner, and is one of the neatest I have seen in the Tyrol. From Sterzing the road is very beautiful to Mittewald, following the course of a river. Mittewald is a small village, which stands prettily among the hills. The mountain-ash, with its bright red berries, is every where abundant; and the many wild-flowers in the hedges by the roadside, give a great charm to the journey, and are a constant source of delight; as are also

the numerous butterflies, which are of great beauty; and in some places I noticed some beautiful dragon-flies, which would have captivated my friend, Mr. Curtis, or any entomologist.

## BRIXEN.

Proceeding to Brixen, we passed the fortress of Franzensfeste. It is amazingly strong, and so completely commands the mountain defile, that no army could, I think, ever attempt to pass. It was built by the Emperor Francis, in 1830. On approaching Brixen we entered the country of vines, which are grown in terraces on the slopes of the hills. The descent into Brixen affords a pretty view. Brixen is a small town, in the very midst of the hills. An agreeable view of it is obtained, by ascending a little way up the hill close to the hotel (the *Elephant*;) which is the post station. I saw some Hungarian soldiers in the guard-house, amusing themselves with dancing a peculiar sort of national dance.

## DESCENT OF THE BRENNER.

*Thursday, August 12.*—We started from Brixen at 6½ a. m. The road follows the river Eisack, a tributary of the Adige, through a rich valley, in which the vines grow luxuriantly on the several slopes, trained on trellis-work, with large clusters of grapes hanging from them, which, with the beautiful Spanish chestnut, walnut, and plum trees, indicate an approach to a more genial climate. Near the little town of Klausen, the first post

station, stands a convent, perched on a precipitous rock, and forming a prominent object. The narrow street through which we drove reminded me of Wexford; for in both one might, without any great stretch of the imagination, or of the arm, shake hands out of the window. The Eisack now begins to contract, and foams over its rocky bed. The road is occasionally carried to an elevation of about 100 feet above the river. The whole drive to Unter-Atzwang is beautiful. The river flows over large fragments of rock (the debris of the mountains, which rise in solemn grandeur above the river,) presenting one uninterrupted series of cascades, the continual roar of water adding greatly to the wildness of the scene. The scenery continues much of the same description until approaching Botzen, a town of considerable size, situated in a valley of vines.

Passing through the market-place, I noticed the women's baskets filled with peaches, plums, &c.; the latter are growing every where, and the trees full of fruit. On either side of the road acacia shrubs are plentiful.

## BOTZEN.

Arrived at Botzen at 11 a.m. During the morning's drive we passed one or two castles perched on the rocks. We met many carts laden with casks of oranges and lemons. On leaving Botzen, the scenery undergoes an entire change, and we lose sight of the river, and with it of much that is romantic in its character, but there is enough remaining to admire.

The afternoon turned to wet, and heavy clouds hung in dense masses on the mountain sides—clouds such as I have never seen, resembling light but dense smoke, and the air saturated with moisture, indicating a more southern latitude than I had yet visited, my excursions hitherto having been chiefly confined to the rude north. We now come upon the Adige, flowing through a broad valley, with a grand range of mountains on the right bank.

### SALURN.

At  $3\frac{1}{2}$  we reached Salurn, which is on the bank of this fine river. A little lower down, below Salurn, the mountains rise very precipitously, and with much grandeur, on either side of an extensive valley of weeds and willows, all under water. At Salurn we stayed an hour to rest the horses, which were to carry us on to Trent. The vines are every where most luxuriant, and full of large bunches of white and red grapes hanging in clusters, and quantities of convolvulus growing about them. The Indian maize now attains a higher growth, frequently not less than six or seven feet, and quite obstructing the view. The hedges were filled with beautiful flowers; the white convolvulus mixed with clematis, large branches of red barberries, and the purple phlox, forming a most charming mixture of colour, amongst the brilliant and verdant green. In one part of the road we passed through an avenue of weeping willows, which were remarkably fine, the pendant boughs borne down by the wet, and hanging like plumes. The alteration in the features of



the peasantry is most marked, and certainly not for the better. The clear complexion, bright eyes, and cheerful face, is changed for the dark, swarthy, and somewhat sullen look. The good-humour, civility, and good feeling of the people of that portion of the Tyrol through which we had been travelling, was delightful to witness. They rarely passed without a salute, and when walking in the morning or evening, I was always greeted with a good wish from old and young, male and female, uttered sometimes by the smiling lips of a pretty face. The part of the country we were now passing through may be termed the Italian Tyrol. One's ideas are carried back to a remote period on seeing the women in these parts sitting at the doors with their spinning-wheels. All the houses in the town are in a dilapidated, dirty, slovenly state, and as a necessary consequence the people are in much the same condition.

### TRENT.

At eight p.m. we arrived at Trent, where I was glad to find some cleanliness, in the hotel at least (the *Kaiser's Krine*), which is excellent, and kept by Germans. It rained heavily the greater part of the afternoon.

*Friday, August 13.*—It continued to rain heavily all night, with lightning and loud thunder, and had not ceased in the morning. It was fortunate we had got on so far; for the roads would certainly become impassable in the Tyrol, and broken up, as I have seen them before. Trent is prettily situated on the banks of the Adige,

which is here a navigable river; but the town has no attraction. It has a dirty, neglected look. I took a walk down to the bridge, from which a good view of the old walls round the town is obtained, and of the river sweeping finely at the foot of the houses. I also went to the church, which is handsome in the interior, and hung with rich crimson damask. In this church is a good organ; but, the organist—*non est inventus*.

The best part of the town seems to be that in which the Dome Church stands—a square—in the centre of which is a handsome fountain. In one street, the Contrada Larga, the grass was growing richly, forming a complete and beautiful green carpet on either side of the pavement. And now adieu to Trent.

At 9½ we started, and, in the course of an hour or two, came upon the banks of the Adige, passing on our left a large castle on the heights belonging to the Emperor, but not used as a fortress, though a strong one if needed. There is nothing to admire on the road thus far, but the mountain range.

Passing through Roveredo, a town of no interest, and dirty as all others in the Italian Tyrol, the road traverses a scene of great desolation. Enormous fragments of rocks scattered about in all directions, as if some terrific earthquake had shaken the foundations of the mountains, and hurled the rocks from their lofty summits, which has, probably, at some period been the case. Such scenes as these repay the toil of travel. Some of the happiest hours of my life have been passed in the wildest spots,—

“Along those lonely regions, where retired  
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells  
In awful solitude !”

The road occasionally skirts the Adige, which is hurrying into the Adriatic in a muddy stream. On leaving Ala, a dirty town, the form of the mountains is remarkably grand, particularly one, from the summit of which rises a vast amphitheatre of rock. High walls on either side of the road, were to-day a great nuisance to us. Shortly after leaving Ala, we quitted the Italian Tyrol, and entered Italy.

A remarkable monastery, stuck upon a prominent rock below the summit of the mountains, is seen on the right; and, on approaching Rivoli, a fortress is observed on the left, begun in 1849, and finished last year. A great battle was fought at this spot in 1848, when the Austrians repulsed the Piedmontese.

The river now took a serpentine course through some rocky cliffs, and the road passed altogether out of the mountains, among which we had enjoyed so much beautiful scenery.

## VERONA.

Passing two or three new fortresses, we entered Verona at 6½ p.m., much pleased with its appearance under a glorious sunset, which gave us “token of goodly day to-morrow.”

Verona stands upon the banks of the Adige, now a noble

stream, which flows through the town towards its outlet in the Adriatic.

Outside the town, there was an encampment of about 2000 men under canvass; but, during these heavy rains, their situation is not agreeable. They were to be out in their tents for a month.

We put up at the "Two Towers" hotel, or the *Albergo Imperiale delle due Torri*.

*Saturday, August 14.*—Close to the hotel stands the St. Anastasia Church, the interior of which is magnificent, and the columns very grand, springing from a square pedestal. Figures seated on the two pedestals carry fonts on their backs. One on the right is said to have been sculptured by the father of Paul Veronese. All are of marble; indeed every thing here is marble—the very roads are made of it. Outside the church, and close to it, are some quaint old monuments.

The Cathedral is beautiful; and the entrance door, of Byzantium architecture, curious and interesting.

St. Firmo Maggiore, has a splendid roof of wood, and is a fine church.

The Tombs of the Scalligiers, the ancient Dukes of Verona, are of great interest. Rose, in speaking of the Gothic monuments of Verona, observes, that there is often an odd kind of poetry in these monuments, which speaks strongly to the imagination.

"These reflections," he says, "were awakened by a view of the sepulchre

— ‘of the Lombard,  
Who bears the Holy Bird upon the ladder.’

To say nothing of the architecture of the several tombs of the Scalligiers, two of these struck me as saying more than any sepulchral monuments I ever saw; they give you an image of the life and death of the man whom they commemorate. On the top, the Capitano del Popolo is represented on horseback, with a sword by his side, and a wand in his hand. On a lower stage, he is stretched on the bed of death, with his hands folded in prayer.”

The house of the Capulets is also very interesting to see. I well remember, at Elsinore, the delight I felt in going through, what the Danes are pleased to call, “Hamlet’s Garden;” and the reverential awe with which I looked at, what I imagined might *possibly* have been, the platform before the castle, where, in days of old, was wont to stalk—

“In the dead waist and middle of the night,”

that

— “fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march.”

So, at Verona, did I lovingly gaze upon the balcony, pointed out to us as that which Romeo scaled through Capulet’s garden; but where the moon no longer

“Tips with silver all the fruit-tree tops,”

but shines down the centre of the street, over which the balcony projects.

This, too, is all that now remains of the legend at Verona, and the inference may be drawn thence. Montague failed to fulfil his pledge to raise a statue, (now not so difficult to accomplish)—

—“in *pure gold*;

That, while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set,  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.”

The chief sight, however, at Verona, is the amphitheatre, said to be the most perfect in the interior of any in existence. We went up to the top of it. All the seats are entire, rising in steps one above the other.

There are two or three bridges across the Adige. One of them has an arch of great span, through which the town is seen, forming a pleasing picture.

There is much to see and admire at Verona. Many of the houses have fine pieces of ancient sculpture about the door-ways, and some of the old palaces are beautiful. We left Verona by the rail, and in three or four hours reached Venice, arriving at four o'clock.

## VENICE.

Venice is approached by the rail, which somewhat destroys romance; yet, but for the rail, I never should have seen Venice. All honour, then, to the immortal Stephenson! The bridge which has been carried across the lagoon is a splendid work. It consists of a great number of arches;

nearly all the piers being built upon piles. It was constructed by the Lombardo-Venetian Railway Company—the first stone having been laid in 1841, and the whole completed in 1845.

We got rooms at the *Hotel Royal Danieli*. Often, from boyhood, have I wished to visit this spot, and to be able to say,

“I stood at Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs.”

In 1840, when at Milan, I had intended to do so, but was stopped by the excessive heat of that year, to escape from which we crossed the Stelvio, and were soon in a snow storm. And *now* my wish is accomplished; and here—thanks to the rail—I am writing this at Venice.

*August 15.*—We made the most of our time yesterday, and were skulled about in a gondola. To one unaccustomed to the sight of these boats, there is a somewhat triste, funereal look about them. Nearly all are painted entirely black, within and without, with canopies of black cloth, relieved only by an occasional small brass ornament on the sides of the door—a dolphin, or a shield for a crest, or a coronet; and these bright pieces of brass only tend the more to remind one of what, in England as elsewhere, has no very agreeable association. It is difficult to know why this sombre colour is adopted so universally, unless it be that intrigues, political or otherwise, may be the better carried on, where one gondola is the counterpart of another:

much in the same way, and for the same cause, that in Vienna, *on dit*, the gentry drive about in fiacres, with numbers upon them, in imitation of the public vehicles—a fact I cannot vouch for, and considerably doubt. There are, however, a few gondolas which have coloured canopies, and there are some painted white, of a larger size, with the familiar and (*horresco referens*) plebeian word, OMNIBUS ! painted upon them.

The gondola is a boat most admirably adapted for the purpose to which it is applied, and they are very skilfully handled. Being of so light a construction, and the bow and stern so much out of water, that they can be turned almost upon a pivot by the slightest motion of the paddle. They are propelled by two men (gondoliers) standing up, one at the bow and the other at the stern, who, with their feet, and a forward inclination of the body, keep time to the stroke; and on approaching the several windings and turnings round the sharp corners of the houses, all of which are built upon piles, call out lustily which way they are coming, whether to the right or to the left, and by this means collisions are avoided. The turns are quite sharp round the corners, so that it is impossible to see whether any thing is in the way or not; but, if no answer is given, the passage is assumed to be clear. There are many hundreds of these boats; indeed it is only by means of the canal that persons can conveniently go from place to place. There are a few streets in Venice, or, more correctly speaking, a few courts, narrow and paved for foot passengers, but there is not a horse or vehicle of any



description. Gondolas supply their place. Lord Byron's description of them is inimitable :—

“Didst ever see a gondola ? for fear

You should not, I'll describe it you exactly :—

'Tis a long cover'd boat, that's common here,

Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,

Row'd by two rowers, each call'd gondolier.

It glides along the water, looking blackly,

Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,

Where none can make out what you say or do.

“And up and down the long canals they go,

And under the Rialto shoot along,

By night and day, all paces—swift or slow—

And round the theatres, a sable throng,

They wait in their dusky livery of woe,

But not to them do woful things belong :

For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,

Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done !”

We passed through several of the narrow streets of Venice, which we found swarming with people, and I was particularly struck with their pallid and enfeebled look; even the soldiers quartered at Venice partook of the same appearance.

It really was sad to see the naturally healthy bronzed countenance of the Hungarian soldier, to which we had every where been accustomed since leaving Prague,

——“brown with meridian toil,

Healthful and strong ;”——

now “sickly o'er with the pale cast”—of Venice. Can it be otherwise, notwithstanding the tide which now

rises and falls a foot or two?—a narrow crowded city, intersected with canals, into which all the filth finds its way, and which, under a summer's sun, comes reeking up into the gondolas, enough to stifle one in some spots. On looking over the "*Livre des Etrangers*," at the *Hotel Royal*, at Milan (on our arrival there,) I saw that the parents of two young men, both under age, had been suddenly summoned from the north of England to that city, in consequence of the dangerous illness of their sons, brought on by malaria, caught at Venice. They arrived only to find both dead, and to follow their remains to the grave. There may be some romance in cruising about in the gondolas, and I quite delighted in them; but it must be admitted there is a good deal to destroy the romance; and I find (being an old traveller) no small advantage from carrying with me, as I usually do, a good supply of Eau de Cologne; but at Venice I should recommend otto of roses,—eau de Cologne not being strong enough to overpower the odours. If Venice "offers many conveniences as a winter residence, it is insufferable in the summer months," as Mr. Rose observes (in his *Letters from Italy*;) "the small canals (to borrow a phrase I once heard from an English lady's-maid,) have not at any time a *pretty smell* with them." Possibly a little of Sir William Burnett's chloride of zinc might prove an antidote. In England, fortunately, we can generally do without having recourse to these expedients.

I must not omit to mention that the gondolas have, for the most part, a prow, formed of a sharp piece of

steel, something in the form of a battle-axe; it is merely ornamental.

The Grand Canal runs through Venice something in the form of the letter S inverted, and is, I think, about two miles in extent. From this other canals branch off in all directions, just like so many streets, and numerous bridges are thrown across them. The most remarkable is, of course, the Rialto. They are all of single arches.

The churches at Venice are very grand, the principal one being that of St. Mark's, the locale of which is known to every one as the chief spot of attraction in Venice.

“ On this spot of earth, the work of man,  
How much has been transacted ! Emperors, Popes,  
Warriors from far and wide, laden with spoils,  
Landing, have here perform'd their several parts,  
Then left the stage to others. Not a stone  
In the pavement but to him who has  
An eye, or ear, for the inanimate world,  
Tells of past ages . . . . .  
The sea, that emblem of uncertainty,  
Changed not so fast, for many an age,  
As this small spot. To day 'twas full of masks ;  
And to the madness of the Carnival  
The monk, the nun, the holy legate mask'd.  
To-morrow, came the scaffold and the wheel,  
And he died there, by torchlight, bound and gagg'd,  
Whose name and crime they knew not.”

Familiar as every one must be with this, and other parts of Venice, from the paintings of Canaletto, and much as these had raised my expectations of Venice, I

was in no way disappointed with the reality. True it is, all seemed familiar to me as if I had visited the spot before—I fancied the very gondolas of Canaletto, with the men propelling them, were before me; but I was now looking upon a living picture, and on one which I can never forget—and which must be seen to be appreciated. No description can convey to the mind a hundredth part of what Canaletto's paintings have rendered so well known to all the world, of

“Venice, that strange place, so stirring and so still,  
Where nothing comes to drown the human voice  
But music, or the dashing of the tide.”

The church of St. Mark is very beautiful, of which Mr. Rose truly says, there is no wonder in Venice superior to it. “*Canaletto* may show you what it is without, but a *Rembrandt* alone could give an idea of its interior . . . if I could have visions anywhere it would be here.” Beautiful, too, is the stately tower which rises opposite to it—the Campanile of St. Mark; and the buildings on either side of the square, which is neatly paved with flagstones. There stands the ancient palace of the doge, and the very chamber in which the grand council sat. Who can attempt to describe the thrilling interest with which the prisons are visited—those gloomy dungeons, where the light of day never pierced through the massive iron bars, which warned the prisoners in their close and solitary confinement, “*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch’ entrate.*”

To this hour

———"the secrets  
Of yon terrific chamber are as hidden  
From us . . . . .  
As from the people . . . . .

——Save the wonted rumours  
Which (like the tales of spectres, that are rife,  
Near ruin'd buildings) never have been proved,  
Nor wholly disbelieved."

The Bridge of Sighs, which separates one prison from another, and which is all enclosed, but from which the lagoon is seen through the close fretted stonework of a beautiful window in the side, is a spot of deep interest; and I may be pardoned for again quoting Lord Byron, and for saying, as every one has before me, and will continue to do so, as long as the Bridge of Sighs exists:—

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,  
A palace and a prison on each hand :  
I saw from out the waves her structures rise,  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
Look'd to the winged lion's marble piles,  
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles !"

This palace of the doge is altogether a place of great interest. The magnificence of the rooms, the beautiful paintings on the ceilings and walls—every thing, in fact, is full of interest; not the least so is a splendid collection

of statues, and busts, and Roman antiquities. In the hall of the grand council hang all the portraits of the dukes ; but there is a vacant space left for that of Marino Faliero,—“ *Locus Marini Falieri decapitati pro criminibus.*” The unfortunate Marino Faliero having, in the fourteenth century, as the story goes, been elected one of the Dukes of Venice, and being an ambitious man, sought to make himself Lord of Venice. It chanced on the occasion of some great festival, he ordered one Steno, a gentleman of poor estate and very young, to be forcibly removed from the scene of festivity, for presuming to pay his addresses to one of the ladies attached to the suite of the duchess. Incensed at the insult, the young man watched his opportunity, and wrote on the chair of the duke words of a nature to give offence, touching the characters of himself and the duchess. The words were as follows :—“ *Marin Falieri, dalla bella moglie, altro la gode, ed egli la mantiene.*” Steno was detected, and tried by the council, who sentenced him to one year’s banishment from Venice—which greatly provoked the duke, who considered that he should have forfeited his life.

From this moment Marino Faliero sought by a conspiracy to be proclaimed Lord of Venice ; but failing in the attempt, was tried before the council, and judgment given, “that his head should be cut off, and that the execution should be done on the landing-place of the stone staircase where the Dukes take their oaths when they first enter the palace.” And now, reader, follow the poet Rogers and—

“Enter the palace by the marble stair,  
Down which the grizzly head of old Faliero  
Roll’d from the block—pass outward thro’ the hall,  
Where among those drawn in their ducal robes  
But one is wanting—where, thrown off in heat,  
A brief inscription on the Doge’s chair  
Led to another on the wall as brief.”

In the place of St. Mark’s we observed that numerous pigeons were flying about perfectly tame. No one molests them, and they come between your legs and fly close to your face. It is forbidden to touch them.

But now for the churches. St. Mark’s, with its fine dome, and exquisite mosaic-worked ceilings, and tessellated marble pavement, which a traveller, whose name I know not, thus beautifully describes:—“Who can forget his visit to St. Mark’s church, where you see nothing, tread on nothing, but what is precious? The floors all agate and jasper, the roof mosaic, the aisle hung with the banner of the subject Citus, the font and its five domes affecting you as the work of some unknown people? Yet all this will presently pass away; the water will close over it; and they that come row about in vain to determine exactly where it stood.”

“Oh Venice ! Venice ! when thy marble walls  
Are level with the waters, there shall be  
A cry of nations o’er thy sunken halls,  
A loud lament along the sweeping sea.”

It is indeed to be hoped that it will be a long time yet ere this happens; but certain it is, that even now the floor of St. Mark’s has considerably sunk in many

places. The beautiful church of Fabri, in which is a fine monument to Canova by that artist, and one now being placed to Titian (by Canova,) is well worth visiting. The church of Santa Maria della Salute is also a fine church, and so are many others which we did not visit. We made the entire circuit of the Grand Canal, passing under the Rialto, and returned home by the Lagoon, round the other side of the island upon which stands the Salute. By this means we saw all the principal houses of the old nobility, the house in which Lord Byron lived, the palace of Taglioni! &c.

We had already been once or twice up the Grand Canal, but never entirely along it. I think it is, as I have said, about a mile and a half or two miles long. Numerous gondolas were flitting up and down. "We were no sooner in the middle of the great Lagoon which encircles the city, than our discreet gondolier drew the curtain behind us, and let us float at the will of the waves. At length night came, and we could not tell where we were—"What is the hour?" said I to the Gondolier, "I cannot guess, sir; but if I am not mistaken it is the lover's hour." "Let us go home," I replied; and he turned the prow homeward, singing as he rowed some verses of the sixteenth canto of *Jerusalem Delivered*.\*

Opposite all the great houses are large wooden posts to which visiters attach their gondolas, and some of these posts are surmounted with swans, or any ornamental device that may be fancied.

\* Goldoni.



In the evening the band of one of the Austrian regiments played in the square of St. Mark's, and hundreds of people promenaded up and down. The whole square was filled with them, and crowds of people were also upon the mole facing the square, enjoying the sea breeze. Venice, being in a state of siege, patrols were about the streets, and passing through the crowd with fixed bayonets; but nobody seemed to give themselves any concern about them. Every one appeared to be happy and contented. A few fieldpieces were also drawn up in front of the guard-house at the entrance of St. Mark's.

*Monday, August 16.*—At 7 a.m. I ascended the campanile di San Marco, the tower or belfry of St. Mark's, which is opposite the church, and was the study of Galileo. It is a great height, three hundred and thirty feet from the ground, and from the summit a good bird's-eye view is obtained of Venice, once "Queen of Ocean," now "Lady of Lombardy," as beautifully designated by Lord Byron. Unfortunately it was low water, and the view not seen to advantage, as many sand-banks are uncovered when the tide is out, and a large extent of flat shelving sand may be seen stretching towards the sea—which, however, is visible beyond; and for the first time I now gazed upon the Adriatic.

The lagoons of Venice are approached from the Adriatic by two or three navigable channels, each more or less intricate, the principal entrance being, I believe, that of Malomacca. The Austrians have now strongly fortified all the approaches, and it would be no easy matter to run the gauntlet of the formidable batteries they

have recently constructed. Venice might, in fact, be almost considered impregnable from the seaward, unless these forts could first be carried, were it not for the modern invention of shells ("devil's eggs," as the Chinese appropriately called them) which may be thrown in at a distance of three miles. During the late occurrences I believe that no attempt was made by the Austrians to attack Venice from the Adriatic. The Piedmontese had their ships there to protect the entrances to the lagoons; but she was vulnerable inland, at the head of the lagoons, and suffered from the fire from the fort of Malghera. Nobly did she stand the siege, holding out to the last, notwithstanding the cholera within the city was a more deadly enemy than the foe without. Reduced almost to a state of famine, Venice at last surrendered to the Austrians. It would have been well for her had she never taken part in the revolution of 1848, which swept over so large a portion of Europe; but she fell at the feet of a mighty conqueror, the octogenarian Radetzky, who sought her submission, and nothing more, and who had the magnanimity to spare the city from rapine and bloodshed. The republic of Venice was at an end, and although still in a state of siege, every one appeared to us to be happy and contented; so much so indeed, that it was said the siege would shortly be altogether removed.

On the land side a vast plain, dotted with houses, villages, and towns, extends to the foot of the mountains of the Tyrol—some of which were towering above the rest, capped with snow. The haze was in this direction

also ; but in clear weather, *and at high water*, I am sure there must be a superb panorama from the campanile of St. Mark's, probably embracing the range of the Julian Alps, the highest of which (Mount Terglou) rises to a height of nearly eleven thousand feet, and is distant, in a direct line, not more than ninety miles.

The belfry is easily ascended by a continuous series of inclined plains which lead up the four sides of the tower. A watch is kept all night, to ring the bells in case of fire.

At the end of the square of St. Mark's is a clock similar to that at St. Dunstan's of old, near Temple Bar ; and the figures strike the hour on a bell. I happened to see them beat the stroke of seven a.m. from the top of the Campanile. Proceeding to the Mole on either side of which stand two granite pillars, brought from Greece in the 12th century—the one with a winged lion on its summit—the well-known “Lion of St. Mark's,” the ancient device of the republic of Venice—the other the Patron Saint. We crossed in our gondola to the Isola Maggiore and visited the church of St. Giorgio Maggiore, which is a fine building, with a grand dome. It contains one or two good pictures. In a column at one of the altars a small figure (resembling our Saviour) is carefully pointed out—said to be in the veins of the marble, but I strongly suspect it has been constructed with a little scagliola.

Thence to the Accademia di Belle Arti, where there are some fine paintings, ancient and modern, and some sculptures, the best of which, I think, was a lion couchant. We visited also the Gallerie Mammifere, which

is a private collection with many fine paintings, and went to the church of St. Roche, where they were celebrating a *fête* to their Patron Saint. The music was fine, but somewhat operatic (according to our more sober ideas,) like much of the church music on the Continent. Another "swim in Gondola" was very agreeable.

To describe Venice would be an endless task, but the foregoing are some of the many spots of attraction. Almost every house, however, has something worthy of notice, and the many beautiful palaces of the nobility (some now used as barracks !) give a continued interest to the scene.

"There is a glorious city in the sea—  
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt seaweed  
Clings to her marble palaces.  
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro  
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea  
Invisible, and from the land we went  
As to a floating city, steering in  
And gliding up her streets, as in a dream,  
So smoothly, silently, by many a dome  
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,  
The statues ranged along an azure sky."

It is sad, however, to see the palaces going to decay, and converted to such purposes. It interferes, too, somewhat, with one's sentimental ideas, to look up from a gondola at these ancient ducal palaces, richly ornamented with elaborate and most beautiful designs in architecture ; and to see (as I often did see) a number

of soldiers leaning out of the windows *en deshabille*, smoking their pipes and cleaning their accoutrements, side belts, &c., leaving marks of pipe-clay on all the fretted parts of the building. In 1848 the property of many of the nobility was confiscated, and Venice, like Vienna, still remains, as I have said, in a state of siege, and is filled with troops.

And now adieu to Venice. The gondola will shortly convey us to the railway, and I shall quit this fairy spot, in all probability for ever; but it can never be effaced from my memory, and will be looked back to with many a pleasant reminiscence. *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*. The railroad will soon see us far away from Venice, and out of Italy, and so I say:—

———“farewell to Italy! perhaps  
For ever! yet methinks I could not go;  
I could not leave it, were it mine to say,  
Farewell for ever!”

If my readers think that I have drawn too freely from the several fountains whence flow the beautiful streams of poetry which adorn these pages, I can only exclaim, with the poet Rogers, from whom I have quoted largely, “Happy should I be if by an intermixture of verse and prose, of prose illustrating the verse, and verse embellishing the prose, I have furnished my countrymen in their travels with a pocket companion.”

## VERONA.

We arrived at Verona at eight p. m., having left by rail at four, and were fortunate enough to obtain the same apartments as we had previously occupied at the *Due Torri*, a most excellent hotel, admirably arranged. Learnt from the head waiter, Louis Bellini, an agreeable, intelligent, and very superior man, that he had been thirty-five years with Bernadi, his former master, and that his father, Antonio Bellini, was seventy-two years (all the days of his life) at the same hotel. The hotel is now kept by Paul and Auguste Barbesi. I have never been in a better conducted hotel in any town on the continent.

## BRESCIA.

*Tuesday, August 17, en route for Milan.* Shortly after the first post station the road comes upon the Lago da Garda, and passes the head of the lake at Degenzano. It is a fine expanse of water, and the waves roll in upon the pebbly beach with a noise like the waves of the sea, on a calm day, on a shingly coast.

In the first part of the journey a fine view is obtained of a lofty range of mountains on the right, running parallel with the road, and ever and anon beyond them is seen the lofty snow-capped peaks of some of the mountains of the Tyrol. With this exception the road is without interest, and dusty to an unusual degree. Starting at nine we arrived (travelling post) at three at Brescia, where we intended to remain the night.

Brescia is a place of considerable interest. It is a large and fine town, and an improving one. Most of the streets have excellent pavement on either side, and a paved causeway for the carriage wheels to run upon. There are new streets and new houses, but the attraction of Brescia is in its antiquities. Some twenty years ago, a temple of Vespasian was discovered, and by digging round and removing the earth, the remains of a vast and beautiful temple have been exposed to view, as in the case at Herculaneum and Pompeii, but it is difficult to say by what process this temple became imbedded, with its massive columns. A large number of Roman antiquities found on the spot, and in other parts of Brescia and the neighbourhood, are here collected together. The whole forms a museum of great interest.

The cathedral of Brescia is a splendid building, and there are paintings by Tintoretto, and a beautiful one by Titian. It represents the Woman taken in Adultery. The picture is chaste, and the story well told. I think, without pretending to be a *connoisseur*, it is as finely conceived and pleasing a painting as I have ever seen. Adjoining the cathedral (which is modern) stands a church of great antiquity. It is entered by a flight of steps leading down from the cathedral. One part is said to be the most ancient building standing in the town, and to have been in former days a temple of Diana.

We also visited a private gallery of paintings and sculptures, the Gallerie Tosio, which contains a good collection of paintings belonging to a nobleman of that

name, who has given it, or bequeathed it after his death, to the town of Brescia.

A fine view is to be obtained by going up to the ramparts, but I had not the opportunity before dusk.

We got apartments at the "*Due Torri*," which appears to be a favourite sign in these parts. The town of Brescia is well fortified.

*Wednesday, August 18.*—The Emperor's birthday was announced at three a.m., by a discharge of artillery, which lasted some time, and must have effectually awakened every one in the town.

I saw in the books at Brescia, the names of Frederick Graham and Coore, my travelling companions in 1840, on which occasion we parted at Munich, they to extend their travels, and I to return to my duties. It is very cold here in winter, I am told, and the snow lies two or three feet deep on the ground, shewing that temperature does not altogether depend upon latitude, and that it may possibly be warmer sometimes at the Pole (as some assert) than many degrees to the southward of it.

## MILAN.

Starting at eight, and posting, reached Milan at four p.m., and in good time for the Table d' Hôte, at the *Albergo Reale*, Signor Bruschetti, where we got rooms: an excellent hotel, well conducted in all respects. The road is on a level the whole way, very dusty, and of little interest.



From Treveglia there is a rail into Milan, but it did not answer our purpose to shift baggage, wait for train, &c. There are numerous fine mulberry-trees on the road: these and the Acacia most prevail. We observed between Verona and Milan a large number of persons affected with goitre, but no cretinism. Why is the goitre common here? Scarcely, I should think, from drinking snow water, though doubtless it may be so, as the rivers take their rise in the adjoining mountains.

In travelling through Italy paper will be found a common substitute in all the villages for glass in the windows, generally much torn and in holes, giving a wretched appearance to the houses.

Entered Milan by the Porta Orientale into the Corso Orientale, and Corso San Francisco, which is a splendid street; indeed I know of none equal to it in any city on the continent, and I consider Milan one of the finest. Nowhere is there anything to compare with its glorious Cathedral. Walked carefully round several times, admiring its great beauty as a whole, and its exquisite workmanship in detail. I was at Milan in 1840; it is now under martial law; and patrols are in the streets as at Venice, marching up and down day and night with glistening bayonets. In the evening the band of one of the Austrian regiments played in the square facing the Cathedral, the Piazza del Duomo, but few persons were present besides the Austrian soldiers. The Milanese are evidently not pleased, and this was marked on the Emperor's birthday.

There was no rejoicing here. Never was the face a more true index to the mind than in the present aspect of the Milanese.

*Thursday, Aug. 19.*—At seven a.m., went on to the roof and upper platform of the Cathedral, which I well remembered. No description can convey any idea of the beauty and magnificence of this superb structure, which is entirely of marble, inside and out, and filled with statues, and rich sculptured pinnacles, canopies, and bas-reliefs innumerable, many thousands in all. The view from the summit of the highest spire (which I ascended when last here) is extensive and grand. No one who is able to climb to a great height should omit to ascend to the highest pinnacle, when the weather is clear and promises a fine view.

On one side lie the Apennines, and on the other the Alps; and whilst “talking of the Alps and Apennines,” I may briefly mention that all the high passes of the Alps and loftiest mountains are distinctly seen on a clear day—Mont-Blanc, the Great St. Bernard, Monte Rosa, the Simplon, the Jungfrau, Finster-Aarhorn, St. Gothard, Splugen, &c. It was too obscure to day to define any of these; but the great chain of mountains, with many clear outlines, capped with snow, was distinctly seen. The Cathedral at Brescia I also plainly saw with a glass.

Dr. James Johnson, in his charming book, called “Change of Air, or the Pursuit of Health,” (published in 1831,) remarks, that the panorama from the Duomo, including a fine bird’s-eye view of Milan itself, impresses on the memory “a splendid image, a gorgeous and

majestic picture of nature and art, of desolation and cultivation, of everlasting snow and perennial verdure, which time only can efface, by breaking up the intellectual tablet on which it was engraved by the delighted senses."

The interior of the Cathedral is grand, and elaborately finished. We visited all parts of it, and I distinctly remembered most of what I had seen on my former visit. We saw the statue of St. Bartholomew, and the tomb of Carlo Borromeo, to which we had to descend, but declined looking at the decayed and disgusting face of the poor saint. The netted grating over the tomb, with money scattered plentifully upon it, from those who could ill afford to throw it there, still filled me with pity for the poor deluded people, who thus submit to have it wrung from them. Went up again to the roof at 10 o'clock, but the view was no better.

Revisited the Palazzi di Brera and Bibliotheca Ambrosiana, in both of which are fine collections of pictures and sculptures; and, in the latter, a splendid library. Also, the Scala, which is the finest opera-house in the world. We saw it of course to great disadvantage—empty, and by the glimmering light of a few lamps. Went on the stage, which is also greater than any other. In a saloon of the theatre is a monument to Malibran—(poor Malibran!)—surmounted by her bust. There is also a bust of Bellini.

Passed through the "Gold and Silver-smiths'" Street, which, as may be inferred from the name, is occupied on either side chiefly by jewellers' shops, just as at

Lisbon, where they have a street for each. It is generally supposed that "two of a trade never agree;" but here, although at close quarters, it is to be hoped they seldom fall out. Revisited the Triumphal Arch, or Arco della Pace, which is a beautiful gateway—a marble arch surmounted by a war-chariot, and horses in bronze, and a horse at each corner, with a figure, I suppose, of Peace, seated on each. Also, the Arena, a large open amphitheatre made by Buonaparte, in imitation of the ancient amphitheatres.

Then to the old church of St. Maria delle Grazie, in the refectory of which is the celebrated painting, by Leonardo da Vinci, of the "Last Supper," said to have been greatly injured by the French troops firing at it—which I do not believe to be the fact. It seems as if it were but yesterday that I was admiring it, yet it is twelve years past.

## COMO.

*Friday, August 20.*—Wet morning. By rail to Como, starting at 10, and arriving at 11½. This rail has been opened since I was last here. It avoids a tedious level road, which I then found two or three inches thick with dust, and very hot, shut in with acacia-trees. These were, however, in full blossom, and very beautiful.

Although it was raining, we took a covered boat for an hour, and rowed out a short distance. Notwithstanding the heavy clouds, the lake looked pretty, and a good view is obtained of Como, which is situated

at its foot. When I was here in 1840, having crossed the Splugen, I came down the whole length of the lake in the steamboat, and it was very beautiful.

We visited the Cathedral at Como, which is a fine building; and then engaged a voiture with three horses to take us to Vevay, across the Simplon. The only drawback to voiturier travelling, is the delay of two or three hours in the middle of the day, to rest the horses, when one can only loiter about and lunch.

### VARESE.

Started at about three p.m. for Varese, where we arrived soon after six, and got rooms at the *Albergo del Angelo*.

The latter part of the drive is extremely beautiful, and a splendid view is obtained of the snowy Alps, rising in great grandeur, piercing to the skies.

Varese is a small town of no interest, but prettily situated on the slope of some hills; but there is a favourite resort in the neighbourhood to the Sacro Monte, where there is a temple to the Madonna, to which pilgrimages are made. We had no time to make the pilgrimage ourselves; nor, for my own part, any great inclination, except for the view.

### LAGO MAGGIORE.

*Saturday, Aug. 21.*—We started from Varese at eight for the Lago Maggiore, and were delayed at Sesto Calende, as the passport of the voiturier was not *en règle*, and they would not allow him to proceed. The difficulty was got over by a man coming on with the

carriage, and the voiturier remaining behind till his passport could be corrected by sending it to Milan; and as we purposed to stay at Bavéno on the morrow (Sunday,) we hoped to get him back again in time to proceed on Monday to Domo D'Ossola. The Austrians are very particular about passports here, as elsewhere. I was once turned back at Lavéno (which is opposite to Bavéno,) on account of some irregularity in my passport. Travellers should be very careful. Yesterday, some English had to go back to Turin on reaching Sesto Calende. Many complaints have been made by our countrymen of incivility on the part of the Austrian authorities. We met with none: on the contrary, nothing could be more courteous than they invariably were; and our passport being *en règle*, we experienced no trouble or delay of any description; but as it is known that they are strict, it is the traveller's own fault if he does not conform to their regulations.

The drive from Varese to this spot, where the river Tecino (the outlet to Lago Maggiore) is crossed in a ferry-boat, is in parts very beautiful, a magnificent view being obtained of the snowy peaks of the Alps—the Great St Bernard, St Gothard, and Monte Rosa, as I supposed them to be. Nothing can be finer, and we saw them to perfection, with the sun shining bright upon them, and not a cloud resting upon the summits. We missed our road, and went a considerable distance out of it; but had no occasion to regret this, as we obtained some splendid views of the Alps. The women were all particularly neat in dressing their hair, and wore at

the back of the head the usual tiara,—resembling silver salt-spoons, or something of that shape.

On crossing the ferry, we entered Piedmont, and proceeded to Arona, where we remained a couple of hours to rest the horses; and took the opportunity of visiting the colossal statue of St. Carlo Borromeo, which stands 108 feet high, including the pedestal. The interior may be ascended, and a view obtained from a trap-door which I observed between the shoulders; but I was satisfied without going up. The road now follows the margin of the lake to Bavéno; and it is a beautiful drive. Arrived at Bavéno at six p.m., and got housed at the post station. The sun was shining bright upon the islands, and lighting up the several villages and houses on the opposite shores of the lake. It was a lovely sight, and in truth “a glorious eve,” as the song says.

### BAVENO.

*Sunday, August 23.*—I was on the sick list all day; seldom more unwell. The diet is every where bad, and this possibly had something to do with my being so completely *hors de combat*, which is rarely my case. Took a quiet stroll in the neighbourhood, and enjoyed, so far as my state allowed me, the view of the lake, and of the Borromean Islands, which from the shore have a pleasing effect.

Well do I remember this spot when here with my brother some years ago.

Numerous lizards were basking in the sun on the stone walls and on the top of the stones which mark the

road; and, judging from the way they would dart like lightning to their recesses, on a near approach, I conclude they must be very acute in sight or hearing.

### BORROMEAN ISLANDS.

We took a boat to the Isola Bella, and went over the Palace of the Count Borromeo, which has many good paintings and fine apartments; but the great attraction is the artificial garden or terrace, with trees of tropical climes, and flowers, and orange trees, and lemon, full of fruit. We rowed round the Fisherman's Island, but did not land. On a mountain rising immediately above Bavéno a fine view is said to be obtained of the Alps; but we had no time, and not feeling well, I had no inclination to go up, the weather, moreover, was cloudy, and no view could have been obtained.

### SIMPLON.

*Monday, August 23.*—Started this morning at 7½ a.m., for the Simplon, went with our three horses as far as Domo D' Ossola, and there took post-horses to carry us up to the village of Simplon, leaving our own to follow. In the first part of the road, after quitting the Lago Maggiore, we twice crossed the river Toce in ferry boats. From the second ferry (shortly after) a splendid view is obtained of Monte Rosa, with its summits covered with snow, and looking very beautiful, as seen through a gap in the mountains, the verdure of which forms a charming contrast.



The ascent of the Simplon begins at Domo D'Ossola, and not far from the next post station, Iselle, we entered Switzerland. The pass of the Simplon, its galleries cut through the rocks, its bridges, and skilfully constructed road, are too well known to need any attempt at description on my part, and equally familiar must be its towering precipices, with innumerable cascades pouring down their sides, the mighty rush of water between the large fragments of rocks, and the snow-clad summit of one of the mountains which is constantly seen during the ascent. The whole indeed is magnificent. Nature and art combine to fill the mind with delight, on crossing this splendid passage of the Alps. In one part, not far from Iselle, I noticed the largest piece of detached rock I had any where seen : what a splendid pedestal it would make for an equestrian statue of Napoleon, facing the pass of the Simplon from the Italian side ! David's picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps, has doubtless given me the idea. A clever sculptor would manage this by working the stone on the spot; and it should be modelled from that celebrated picture.

We reached the village of Simplon about five p.m., and got rooms at the clean, well-conducted little inn, placed at this high elevation, where we found the air fresh and invigorating after all the heat we have endured of late. The village consists of a few houses, some dozen or eighteen, perhaps, (and a church,) surrounded by high mountain-peaks and ridges, on some of which the snow lies deep. Approaching the village of Simplon, we observed beautiful pasturage, and houses scattered

on the sides of the mountains, reminding me strongly of the Sæters in Norway.

*Tuesday, August 24.*—Started about seven a.m., and continued the ascent of the Simplon to the Hospice, and thence descended to Brigue, at the foot of the pass, which we reached in about four hours.

The air was keen at so high an elevation as the Hospice, on approaching which a marked difference is observable in the vegetation.

The firs gradually become few and far between, and of stunted growth, and no shrub but the rhododendron is to be seen amidst the naked rocks.

We went into the Hospice, a large building, with many comfortable and well-furnished sleeping apartments, and with a handsome chapel attached to it.

This and the several houses of refuge we passed, which are all numbered refuge No. 1, 2, &c., and placed at certain intervals from the summit, afford asylums for the travellers caught in snow-storms; so that few lives are ever lost, but occasionally passing travellers are brought in, in the last stage of exhaustion.

The highest point of the road seems to be a few yards beyond the Hospice, and is marked by a cross.

We were particularly fortunate in the weather both yesterday and to-day; for even in midsummer, snow, hail, thick fogs, and high winds, are frequently encountered, and delay travellers on their journey.

The Swiss side of the Simplon is not so striking as that of Piedmont; the galleries are fine, but the mountain pass is not so contracted, and the rush of water in

all directions is far less; yet there is much grandeur, and the high summits, covered with eternal snow, are very imposing, and particularly the view of the glacier of the Simplon, which is best seen on approaching Brigue. And now having crossed this magnificent pass, "whose gentle ascents up the face of a mighty Alp scarcely tire either horse or man—whose windings along the brinks of yawning precipices alarm not the eye, whose descents into the most frightful chasms and profound abysses, scarcely require a drag on the carriage wheels"—let me ask, with Dr. James Johnson, whose tour in pursuit of health I have already noticed, "Can we fail to extend our admiration of the route to the great man whose comprehensive mind designed and executed a gigantic task,

"Beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame?"

### BRIGUE.

From this little town there is another glacier, seen to greater advantage than on the descent of the Simplon—the glacier Aletsch. At Brigue we remained a couple of hours to rest the horses, not having been able to get post-horses at the Simplon to carry us to the summit.

For want of something better to do, we visited the College of Jesuits, in which there is nothing to interest one that I could discover; but a good view is obtained from their garden of the two glaciers to which I have alluded.

On passing through the town, we went into a church

adjoining a house which had fallen in on Christmas-day last; it was used as an hospital, in which some poor people had been crushed under the ruins. From the way they are rebuilding it, I should think a similar catastrophe not unlikely to happen. The road now follows the valley of the Rhone, and runs nearly level the whole way.

Shortly after leaving Brigue a splendid mountain is seen on the left, with its summit covered with snow, upon which the sun was glistening, showing it off to great advantage against a bright azure sky. This I imagined to be Monte Rosa. On the right of the valley an occasional glimpse was caught of the snowy summit of the Bernese Alps. The mountains on this side of the valley are of much grandeur, and particularly at a spot looking up a fine gorge which leads to the baths of Luisk. At Tourtmain, which we passed on our left, is a cascade. We did not stop to look at it: I had seen it, however, on a former occasion; but, proceeding on to Sierre, arrived there about five o'clock, and obtained rooms at the *Hotel du Soleil*.

### SIERRE: SION.

*Wednesday, Aug. 25.*—We started at seven a.m. from Sierre, and proceeded to Martigny, where we arrived in about four hours, continuing our road through the valley of the Rhone: many glimpses are caught of snowy peaks towering over the mountains which enclose the valley. On approaching Martigny there are some fine sharp

peaks, and serrated ridges, covered with eternal snow, which are seen to great advantage on the left of the valley. There is also a remarkably fine peak of rock, rising far above the rest, on the left, and reminding me from some points of view, of the drawings of the Devil's Thumb in Baffin's Bay. On the right of the valley, also, the rocks rise precipitously, and with much grandeur, their outline being very sharp, and tipped with snow. This against a bright blue sky looked beautiful. The valley of the Rhone has no other interest than the mountain scenery. It is frequently under water, and we found a great part to be so now. We passed through Sion, a small town, where one or two castles stand on the pinnacles of some rocks which rise abruptly from the valley.

### MARTIGNY.

Martigny is a small place of no attraction in itself. I was here with my brother, when we crossed the Col de Balm, from Chamounix. At Martigny the valley of the Rhone strikes off to the right. The river shortly finds its way through a fissure in the rocks, and is here crossed by the road. The pretty cascade of Salenche is now seen, and the road passes close to it. I have little doubt it varies much; but as we saw it there was a considerable body of water, and it was a fine fall. Looking back upon Martigny, a splendid mountain is seen in the distance, buried in snow, which was, no doubt, the Great St. Bernard.

## LAKE OF GENEVA : VILLENEUVE.

A four hours' drive brought us to Villeneuve, at the head of the lake of Geneva, passing on our way through St. Maurice and Bex. At St. Maurice the river winds prettily, and is again crossed by a bridge of a single arch span. The lower part of the valley greatly improves, and is in parts well cultivated. The mountain ranges which enclose it are remarkably fine, especially on the left of the valley. Those which finish the range of the valley, are the same as are seen to such great advantage from Lausanne, and other parts of the lake, giving a fine bold character to the head of the lake. The Dent du Midi, with its snow-covered peaks, is a grand object in the panoramic view of the latter part of the drive through the valley.

We procured rooms at a little hotel, the *Hotel du Port*, close upon the head of the lake of Geneva, where the Rhone enters the lake. This hotel is one of humble pretension; but we found it well conducted, and were content to remain the night there instead of proceeding to the *Hotel Byron*, which stands at a short distance from the lake—a stately mansion recently erected, where families may pass the summer months.

Villeneuve is a small place, charmingly situated, and the front windows of the *Hotel du Port* look directly upon this noble sheet of water, with the castle of Chillon jutting out into the lake close at hand. We arrived just in time to see a beautiful sunset on the hills immediately opposite. The sky was of a splendid red and

orange tint, which was strongly reflected on the water. Two or three large boats, with lateen sails, came to anchor close up to the shore of the lake. They appeared to be laden with wood, limestone, slates, flour, &c. The steamer also anchored within a stone's throw of the shore.

## CASTLE OF CHILLON.

*Thursday, Aug. 26.*—Started at seven a.m., and visited the Castle of Chillon. The dungeons of the castle are the most interesting part.

“ There are seven pillars of Gothic mould  
In Chillon's dungeon deep and old.”

There are

—— “ seven columns massy and grey,  
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray.

\* \* \* \*

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls ;—  
A thousand feet in depth below  
Its massy waters meet and flow.”

Some years have elapsed since I visited Chillon, yet all was fresh in my recollection. We proceeded on to

## VEVAY,

Which stands prettily on the lake, and is a favourite resort. Here, too, is a grand hotel. These noble

buildings, almost palaces, have all sprung up of late years.

From the terraces of the church, above the town, is an excellent view of the lake, I think the best to be got without ascending the heights. Part of Mont St. Bernard and the Dent du Midi are best seen from this spot, and are grand objects in the scenery. We embarked in the steamer at two p.m. for Geneva, and arrived there at six. I met a friend on board very unexpectedly; he had come from Malta for a change of air, his health having suffered from cholera. Such meetings are always very agreeable, and this was particularly so, being with one to whom I had always felt attached.

Geneva was full of people, and we had great difficulty in obtaining rooms. We tried in vain at the hotel where we were lodged last year, *L'Ecu*, but were more successful at the *Hotel des Bergues* on the opposite side, across the bridge, where every thing was excellent but the attendance, and that was bad. However, we were at the top of the house, which may account for the bad attendance, and were thankful to get there under all circumstances. It is a fine establishment. On the arrival of the boat at Geneva, numerous porters came on board to carry off the luggage, and many disputes arose in consequence. Two fellows seized each other by the throat, and were fixed in deadly grasp; one turned black in the face, and in another moment would have lost his life, when one of the police rushed up and separated them, just as I had myself



sprung forward to use my best endeavours to do so, or "perish in the attempt," as the saying is. The English mode of settling disputes with the fists is certainly better than this; and the "noble art of self-defence" after all has its advantages. So long as that is in practice, we need have no fear of fellows tearing each other by the hair, kicking, strangling, or stabbing with knives. There were numerous bulky porters standing by, quietly looking at these men amiably strangling each other. All the passengers had quitted the vessel but ourselves.

### THE JURA.

*Friday, August 27.*—At nine a.m. started *en route* for Dijon, travelling post. The ascent of the Jura begins shortly after leaving Nyon on the side of the lake, and the view from the highest part of the road is splendid. We missed it last year on account of the rain, but were more fortunate this time. The whole extent of the lake is seen, and the rich plain at the foot of the Jura.

At Les Rousses, near the summit, the baggage is examined as we enter France. They were very civil about it, but it occasions a tiresome delay. We went on to St. Laurent, where we slept last year at the same comfortable post-house, the *L'Ecu*, where every thing is good, and the people most attentive, and desirous to please. There is a pleasant little garden at the back of the house. Before we arrived, some dark clouds, which

had been gathering, poured down their contents upon us most unmercifully in our open carriage, and we were not sorry to get shelter.

### ST. LAURENT.

*Saturday, August 28.*—A heavy storm passed over the little village of St. Laurent last night, with much thunder and lightning. There was one loud burst of thunder which quite shook the house, and the flashes of lightning were unusually vivid. To one unused to it, there was something awful in such a storm; but I was surprised to learn in the morning that it is so common in this mountain abode as to be scarcely noticed by the inmates, who slept through it with quiet consciences, whilst mine was all on the stretch. I enjoyed a morning stroll in the garden, and saw a rich coloured rainbow, which is at all times a beautiful and impressive sight. As Wordsworth says—

“My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky ;  
So was it when my life began ;  
So is it now I am a man ;  
So be it when I shall grow old.”

### DIJON.

We started at seven a.m. for Dijon, which we reached at seven p.m., travelling post, and very rapidly, without any stoppages, and through a country of little interest. Some of the postilions in the early part

“Gallop’d apace their fiery-footed steeds.”

Much of the scenery of the Jura, about the summit, forcibly reminded me of some parts of the Höllenthal in the Black Forest, which it much resembles, being thickly planted with firs on broken ground, with pasturage between, which is remarkably fine, and quantities of cattle are seen grazing upon it. The descent of the Jura to Poligny, which lies at the foot, is a constant succession of pleasing scenery, and many pretty waterfalls are passed; they were seen to great advantage after the heavy rains, which we heard had fallen for the last six weeks, and had swelled the mountain torrent. We certainly have been most fortunate in our weather, having had almost continued sunshine during the whole of our journey, although at many of the places we have latterly passed through, we are told they have had nothing but wet all the summer through until now; so that we have just come into their fine weather. Whenever we have had rain I have mentioned it, and that has been seldom.

On descending to Poligny, an extensive view opens out over a fine tract of country. Poligny stands prettily at the entrance of the mountain gap, through which the road across the Jura is carried.

Last year we took the road from St. Laurent to Chalons. Our present route was through Champagniol, Dole, Auxiens, a strongly fortified town, to Dijon. These towns are mostly situate on the banks of rivers. On ascending the hill above Dole, a vast extent of

country lies stretched out like a map, with many towns and villages scattered over it. It is a long dull road to Dijon ; and the harvest being all cut and carried, there was no one working in the fields. We met few persons or vehicles on the road, with the exception of a few carts laden with cotton or wool, and the diligence. Our arrival at Dijon, however, was enlivened by a charming sunset. We were just in time to see the glorious orb of day dip behind the hills which lie beyond Dijon.

There is a feeling of satisfaction in reaching the end of a journey just at sunset, after having started a little before sunrise, in companionship with the Sun, "who rejoiceth as a giant to run his course."

We got rooms at the *Hotel de la Cloche*, a good and well-managed hotel.

Dijon is a large town, with fine well-paved streets, the residence, I believe, of many of the better class of society. It appears to me a good specimen of a French town.

*Sunday, August 29.*—We went to the large church, a fine building, and heard high mass. They have a good organ. There is also a Protestant church; but the minister, who is a Swiss, was ill. He is a man greatly respected.

In the afternoon we went to the cathedral, the exterior of which is of great interest, and of ancient date. The façade possesses much beauty and elegance of architecture. The interior is not remarkable.

The Hotel de Ville is an extensive building, with several quadrangles, in one of which is a museum of painting and sculpture. It was open for a few hours;

but we went in too late to see much, and were speedily turned out with the rest of the visitors.

The tomb of one of the Dukes of Burgundy is a fine monument.

We walked to the Jardin des Plantes, just outside the town. It is a pleasant garden, and among the trees is a magnificent old Italian poplar. The stem is about 25 feet in circumference. In the garden there is a very creditable museum of natural history, cleverly managed, and containing much to interest.

Near the Jardin des Plantes, and just facing the arch entering the town, is a neat little fountain, and a small planted plot of ground for a promenade; also, a handsome stone reservoir, from which the water is supplied to the town. I believe it is brought a distance of fifteen miles from its rocky bed, and by this means the town is furnished with most excellent water.

I observed nothing else worthy of notice at Dijon. A few soldiers were quartered here, who enlivened the place, and some, as they marched under our windows, were amusing themselves by singing in chorus. They reminded me of my poor friend, Henry Davis, of the 52nd, to whose memory I have dedicated these pages. He took great pains to teach several of his men to sing, and had as many as sixty who could sing well together on the march. He was one of the best specimens of an officer of the British army that ever I met with; very talented, and without any self-conceit; always studying to promote the happiness of every one around him. With truth it might be said of him that he possessed

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword."

No officer ever had more of the *esprit-de corps* about him. The 52nd was all in all to him. He entered it as an ensign, and rose to the command of the regiment. Sickness seized him, and in less than a year after obtaining the command, working on a constitution already injured by service in the West Indies, where the regiment suffered greatly, he passed away from this life, about a twelvemonth since, beloved and regretted by all who had the happiness of his acquaintance.

We dined at the Table d'Hôte, and I amused myself, as I have often done, by observing the infinite variety of the cut of beard—the cut Henri Quatre, the thick mustache blending into the short cut beard, with the rest of the face carefully shaved, and the hair of the head cut close. Then there is the mustache with whiskers and beard of a goodly length; the mustache and pointed beard, generally known as the *Charlie*, being identical with that worn by Charles the First; and, occasionally, alone in its glory—if it be a remarkably fine cut—such as that worn by the individual on board the steamer on the Danube, whose mustache I have already recorded, as being not less than six inches long from the corner of the mouth, on either side, and red into the bargain! For my own part, I rather like this liberty of the shaving brush, which allows many Englishmen of amiable countenance to wear a fierce mustache on the Continent, and beard of the severest cut. There is a pleasure, perhaps, in doing as one pleases, and in an escape from the thralldom

of fashion, who, after all, is but a fickle jade. Who would have believed, fifty years ago, that pigtailed would vanish from the face of the earth, and men cease to powder their hair?—that all bishops, and many judges, would lay aside their wigs, and that only a few coachmen of the nobility should now be seen in them. The judges had some reason for leaving off theirs, as a man in court once told a judge, not very respectfully, that “he was not to be scared by an owl in a bush.” We may yet live to see every one wearing the mustache in England as they do abroad.

## PARIS.

*Monday, August 30.*—Left Dijon by the express, at eight a.m., and arrived at Paris at four p.m. We passed through a great extent of country, covered with vines, which were beautifully cultivated on the slopes of the hills and in the valleys. Dijon was visited with a very heavy storm a night or two ago, and the vines in the neighbourhood are said to have suffered greatly.

On arriving at Paris, we found rooms at the *Hotel Chatham*, in the Rue Neuve St. Augustine, running out of the Rue de la Paix.

*Tuesday, August 31.*—I passed the morning at the Louvre, and amongst many other paintings feasted on Canaletti's Views of Venice. They might have been painted yesterday, as regards the buildings, gondolas, &c.; the only difference being in the dress of the people.

In the afternoon we strolled about the Champs Elysées and along the quays, and went on board the School Frigate, lately moored off one of the bridges, in which young gentlemen are to be taught preparatory to their entering the navy. A monstrous eagle, well carved, was displayed as the figure-head.

*Wednesday, September 1.*—Took an early walk before breakfast, and a last look at the Tuileries, and at the wonderful improvements in progress in the Rue Rivoli, and quadrangles of the Louvre.

### AMIENS.

By train to Amiens. We started at 11 a.m., and did not reach Amiens till near four p.m.—the train being an hour late. Obtained rooms at the *Hotel de France et d'Angleterre*, clean and well conducted. Dined at the Table d'Hôte at five, afterwards walked about the town, which is not very clean, or agreeable to the olfactory nerves, and visited the Cathedral—a splendid building, of exquisitely beautiful architecture, both in the exterior and interior design. A visit to it would well repay any one who may stop at Amiens; and yet how many thousands (masters of their own time) rush on to Paris without seeing it! Its proportions are so beautiful, and the building so elegant, that at a short distance no one would imagine it to be so large. The interior is seen to greatest advantage by standing with the back against the centre division of the doorway, and looking directly up the centre of the cathedral.



Viewed from this point it is as fine an interior as any I know.

## CALAIS.

*Thursday, September 2.*—We left Amiens by the 10 o'clock train, and reached Calais about  $3\frac{1}{2}$ —an hour beyond the time. We found the “Princess Maude” (a very fine sea-boat, built by Ditchburn & Co.) belonging to the South Eastern Railway Company, waiting with her steam up, and, soon after four o'clock, steamed out of the harbour, and landed at Dover in less than two hours; just in time to save the tide. We had a calm passage. The average service speed of this fine vessel is thirteen statute miles an hour, and her greatest speed fifteen miles.

The “Princess Maude” is not so long as the “Vivid” by nine or ten feet, and two or three feet less in breadth. She is built of iron, with paddle-wheels, and engines of 120 horse power (the Vivid 160.)

I have before crossed in the boats belonging to this company, and can speak in the highest terms of them; they are as fine boats as can put to sea, and are admirably managed. We had seventy passengers on board; but the vessel is so roomy that I could not have supposed there were half the number, had I not ascertained the fact. By the company's tidal steamers to Boulogne passengers walk on board and on shore, and small boats are never used.

## DOVER.

On landing, we were met by a friend, who announced to us that Mr. and Mrs. Croker were at the hotel, Mr. Croker having come over from Folkestone to see the Duke of Wellington. We had an agreeable meeting on landing, and a pleasant welcome to the shores of Old England. Obtained apartments at the Ship Hotel.

*Friday, September 3.*—Went up to the Castle this morning, not forgetting the “poor debtors’ box” (as I hope no one will,) and afterwards left by train to Folkestone, to see my brother and his family, and Mr. and Mrs. Croker; Captain George Hathorn, Royal Navy (the harbour-master and superintendent of the South Eastern Railway,) accompanied us, and saw us off per train, at two o’clock. From him I learnt that the previous day the great and immortal Duke had been over at Folkestone to see Mr. Croker. Even this visit was not a little characteristic of the duke, from the details he gave me. I little thought, when Captain Hathorn was narrating to me the event, that in a fortnight’s time one who had filled so vast a space in this little world of ours, would have passed for ever away from us.

We reached London at six, and were home to dinner, all safe and well, after an agreeable run upon the Continent, and having, in the short space of two months, gone over a large extent of ground, through several countries, and enjoyed a constant and varied change of scene and circumstances, sometimes in the

midst of large and populous cities, in the centre of the arts and sciences, and not unfrequently far away from the haunts and habitations of man, and in the midst of the mighty works of the Creator of the universe—the Lord of all things—“who has so done His marvellous works that they ought to be had in remembrance.”

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## APPENDIX.

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### MEMOIR OF THE SERVICES OF SIR JOHN HAMILTON.

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SIR JOHN HAMILTON joined Admiral Macbride, in command of the "*Charlotte*," armed cutter, in the Downs, in 1792, and served on the expedition with the Duke of York at the siege of Dunkirk. In 1794, he was appointed to command the "*Active*," armed cutter, and was ordered to attend King George the Third at Weymouth. Thence to join the grand expedition from Cowes, under Lord Moira, to Canelle Bay, with the emigrant army; and was put under the orders of Sir John Warren and Sir Edward Pellew, with a squadron of frigates, to cruise off the Channel Islands. He was then ordered to join Commodore Payne, and in the spring of 1795 went to the river Elbe, up to Stadt, in Hanover, and embarked the Princess Caroline; put her on board the "*Jupiter*," lying off Cuxhaven, and sailed for the Thames. Her Royal Highness was then put on board his Majesty's yacht, which Captain Hamilton escorted to Greenwich. Whilst serving in the "*Active*" cutter, under the orders of Lord Duncan in the "*Venerable*," with the North Sea fleet, blockading the coast of Holland in the year 1797, Captain Hamilton in the "*Active*," and the "*Speculator*" lugger (under the orders of Captain Halkett, of the "*Circe*" frigate), were left to watch the movements of the Dutch fleet in the Texel, his lordship having sailed on the 1st of October, with the fleet, for Yarmouth Roads, to refit.

During a cruise inshore, on the 6th of October, Captain Hamilton received information from the master of a galliot he had boarded, that the Dutch fleet were to sail the next morning. He immediately communicated this intelligence to Captain Halkett, who desired him to watch inshore. Captain Hamilton went in, and succeeded in sinking the red buoy at the mouth of the Texel, in order to annoy the enemy coming out.

The Dutch fleet did put to sea on the morning of the 7th, as was expected, when Captain Hamilton sailed along their line to ascertain the force of each ship, which he then communicated to Captain Halkett. The Dutch chased him about thirteen leagues from the Texel, when he fell in with the "Russell," Captain Trollope, and two frigates. At midnight he went on board the "Russell," and related to Captain Trollope, at his bedside, the intelligence of the Dutch fleet being at sea.

On the morning of the 8th, as soon as Captain Trollope had made out the force of the enemy, he sent the "Vestal" frigate to Yarmouth Sands, to call out Lord Duncan's fleet, and the "Active" cutter was ordered with despatches to the Admiralty (Lord Spencer being the First Lord); but Captain Hamilton finding, on arriving near the English coast, that the "Active" had beaten the frigate out of sight, and being doubtful if she could possibly get up in time to call the English fleet out, decided *on disobeying his orders*, and worked the "Active" up at the back of Yarmouth Sands, making signals "*to call out the fleet.*" On going on board the "Venerable," Lord Duncan's ship, and giving his lordship this intelligence, Captain Hamilton was ordered to lead the fleet; and when off the Texel, on the morning of the ever-memorable 11th of October, they saw the enemy's fleet to leeward,—which ended in the glorious victory off Camperdown. When we first saw the enemy's fleet, the Dutch admiral, De Winter, having carried away his main topsail-yard, formed his fleet in close line. Admiral Duncan, in the "Venerable," then led the van, and in running down received a tremendous fire from the centre of the enemy's ships; but passed through their

line in a most gallant style, setting a noble example, if he had been well supported. Captain Hamilton was on the quarterdeck of the "Venerable," when the Dutch admiral, De Winter, resigned his sword, and accompanied Lord Duncan to Walmer Castle, where his lordship made known his important services to Mr. Pitt. He continued to serve under Lord Duncan, until his lordship resigned the command of the North Sea fleet in 1800.

Lord Duncan then obtained for him the command of one of the government packets, for which he had been noted by Lord Auckland, then postmaster-general, whose desire was to shew "every attention in his power to the *glorious and important services to which Captain Hamilton had contributed.*"

Sir John Hamilton continued to serve in the command of one of H. M. packets on the Harwich station, and at the termination of the war was ordered to the Dover station, where, from time to time, he had the honour of conveying many high and distinguished personages across the Channel,—amongst them King Leopold, on the occasion of his marriage to the late Princess Charlotte. He also accompanied his Royal Highness Prince Albert across the Channel, on the occasion of his marriage to our beloved queen, and was constantly selected for various important services.

After *fifty years* of public service, Sir John Hamilton retired honourably into private life ; received the highly merited order of knighthood in 1845 ; and is a chevalier of the order of Leopold.

Such is a brief history, extending over half a century, of the remarkable career of no ordinary man, and, I am sure, I need make no apology for having inserted it ; still less for the following deeply interesting anecdotes, relating to the action off Camperdown, which I give in the very words in which I received them from Sir John Hamilton :—

"As soon as the action was over in the rear, I went on board the 'Monarch,' and was received by Admiral Onslow, who said he was very happy to see me, and if I went with dispatches, and

landed at Yarmouth, would I call on Mrs. Onslow, and say that he was quite well, but that he had 148 men killed and wounded, and that all his best fore-castle men were gone. I found him so much affected he could not speak another word; and when I said, 'Admiral, this is a great proof of the discipline of your ship; after losing so many brave fellows, the last broadside you fired was equal to any you had fired in the whole of the action, for it went off like a flash of lightning, and brought down the Dutch admiral's mainmast in three pieces.' He did not speak another word; but I saw the tears run down his cheeks. I went into the cabin, when he asked me what was such a ship about? 'Hove to, to reef topsails,' I said. He repeated the question with regard to another ship. I replied, 'She was doing the same.' I found he was much displeased with the conduct of these ships, when I said, 'Now, admiral, allow me to go on board the Dutch ship, as the admiral has struck his colours.' He said, 'Do so, and return and report to me.' I said, I could not do that, for as soon as the action was over in the van, I must go on board the commander-in-chief; and I made my bow and went to the quarterdeck, where I met Captain Edward O'Brien. I observed to him the beautiful style the 'Monarch' went into action,—passing through the enemy's line, she gave a broadside into the Dutch admiral's stern, and another into the next ship's bow,—brought to close under the admiral's lee, and opened the most tremendous fire I ever saw. Captain O'Brien said, 'They will give me the credit of that, for you know Dickey has not got a good name (meaning the admiral); but I can assure you he went to the quarter-master at the wheel, and said, You will pass through the enemy's line, close under the Dutch admiral's stern, and bring the ship to as near under his lee as possible. He took command of the ship himself, and fought her through the whole of the action; and a more brave or gallant man never stept than Admiral Onslow. There is not the smallest credit due to me; and now, sir, I beg you will mention this wherever you have an opportunity.'

"I was on the quarterdeck of the 'Venerable,' when the Dutch admiral (commander-in-chief) was brought on board by Lieutenant Richardson (the late Rear-Admiral Richardson).

"I went to Ormes's, in Bond Street, to sit for my likeness, where I met Lord Nelson, who said, 'Why, Hamilton, the admiral took you down to Walmer Castle with him—what did Mr. Pitt do for you?' I replied, 'That as the admiral wished me to stop with him whilst his flag was flying, he promised to do something for me afterwards.' Lord Nelson said, 'Pitt ought to have done something better for you than a promise; but don't mind, it will always be of service to your family hereafter: don't depend upon that, however, as John Bull is ungrateful, and your services may soon be forgotten.' I served under the admiral till he struck his flag, and lived with his family at Yarmouth, by the whole of whom I have always been treated with the greatest kindness. I last served under Admiral Thornborough, of the 'Leda' frigate, Captain Honeyman. The Honourable George Cadogan, the present earl, was then lieutenant of that ship; and I was afterwards appointed Captain in H. M. Packet Service."

The following is a copy of the letter received by Lord Duncan from Lord Auckland, who was at the time Postmaster-General, intimating that he had noted Sir John Hamilton for the command of one of the Dover Packets.

Sir John received the medal and clasp for the battle of Camperdown.

"GENERAL POST-OFFICE,  
February 11, 1800.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Lord Gower has concurred with me to-day, in ordering a minute to be made on the Office books, of your lordship's recommendation of Mr. John Hamilton for a Dover Packet; and our personal respect for your lordship, as well as our desire to show every attention in our power to *the glorious and important services to which Mr. Hamilton contributed*, will make it a real



gratification to us, if, on an eventual vacancy upon the station in question, we should be able to comply with your wishes. I have, &c.

(Signed)

"AUCKLAND."

"Lord Viscount Duncan."

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